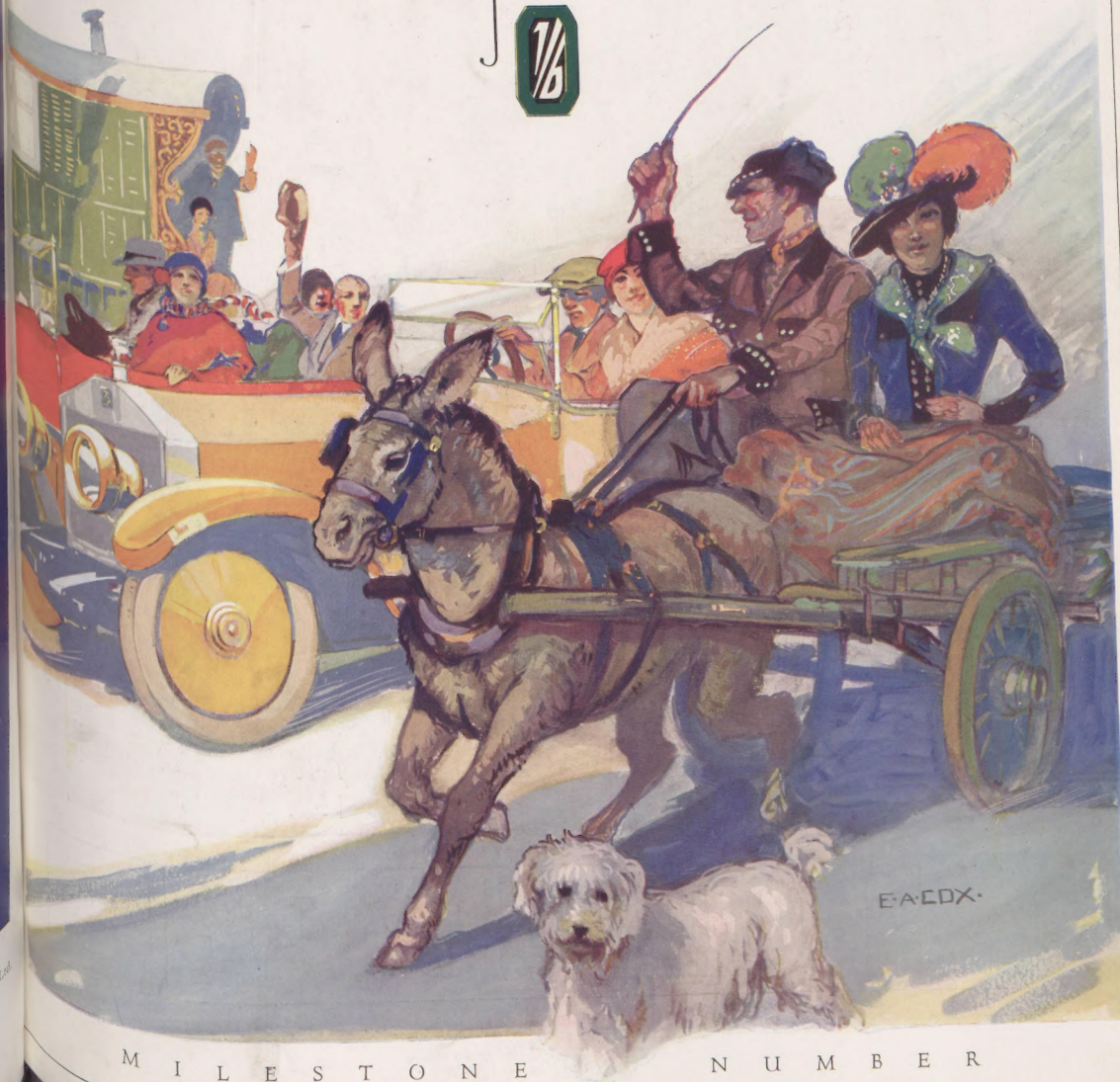


The MOTOR OWNER

June
1921



M I L E S T O N E

N U M B E R

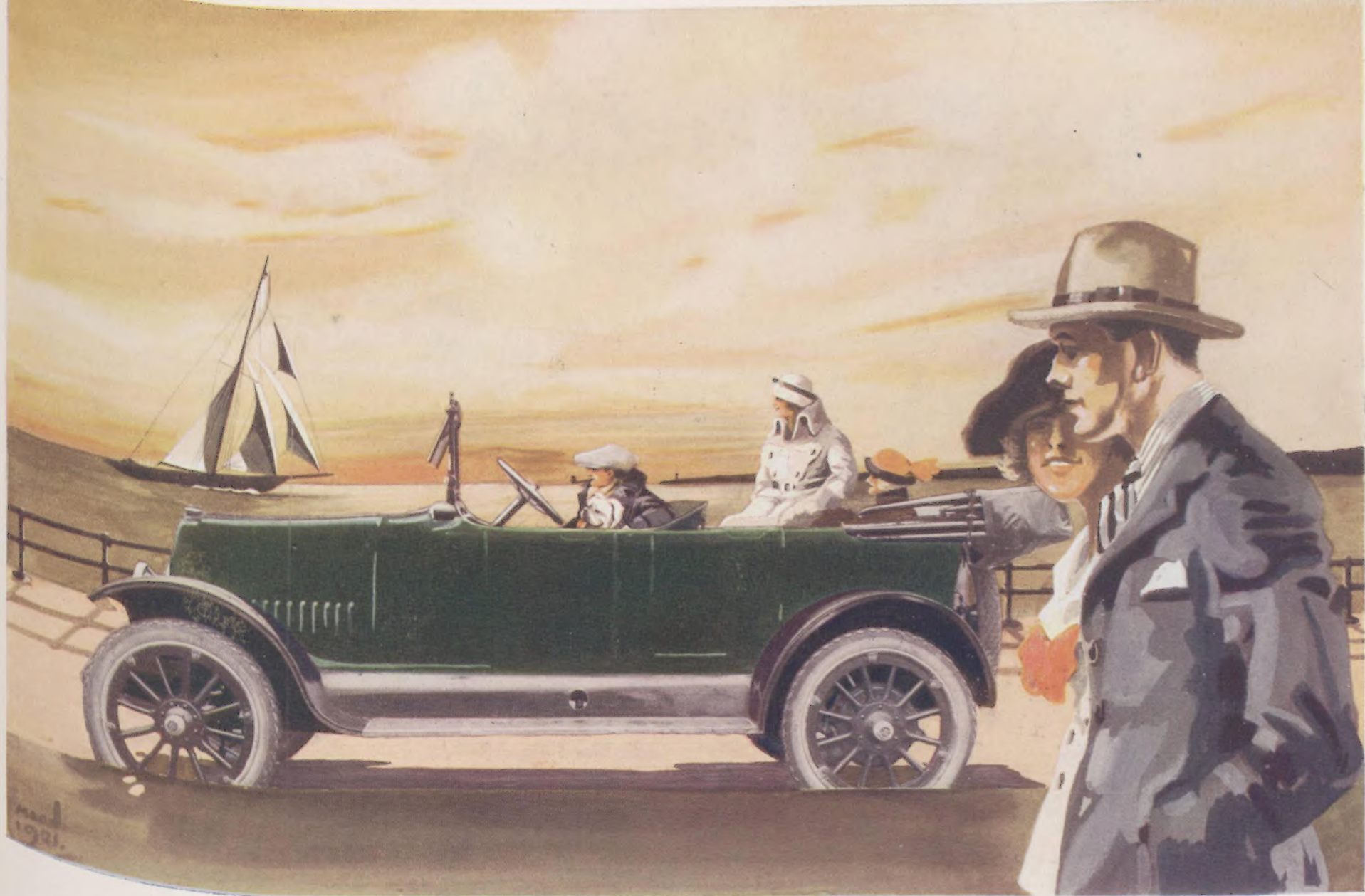


*'Best
in the
long
run'*

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD **TYRES**

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD., 117-123 Golden Lane, London, E.C.1

*'Best
in the
long,
run'*



THE CALL OF THE SPRING

The sleep of winter past, Life doth awake
Her million forms from hibernation's trance ;
Spring's golden bugle to her lips she presses
And blows her vernal call whose notes resound
Through all the vales and stir the budding leaves.

All bird life feels its kinship with the flowers
And man knows that his brother is the tree ;
The skylark is his sweet, full-throated sister,
His dearest friends the ocean and the breeze.

In each the call of Spring finds glad response,
The One Life pulses through both small and great ;
Spring's bugle knows no deaf ears fail to hear her
Or, hearing, fail to understand her voice.

Let's all away, then, to the open road
And on the rolling wheel our winding course
Will lead us through Spring's fairest garden home,
This island home—this verdant home—this England.

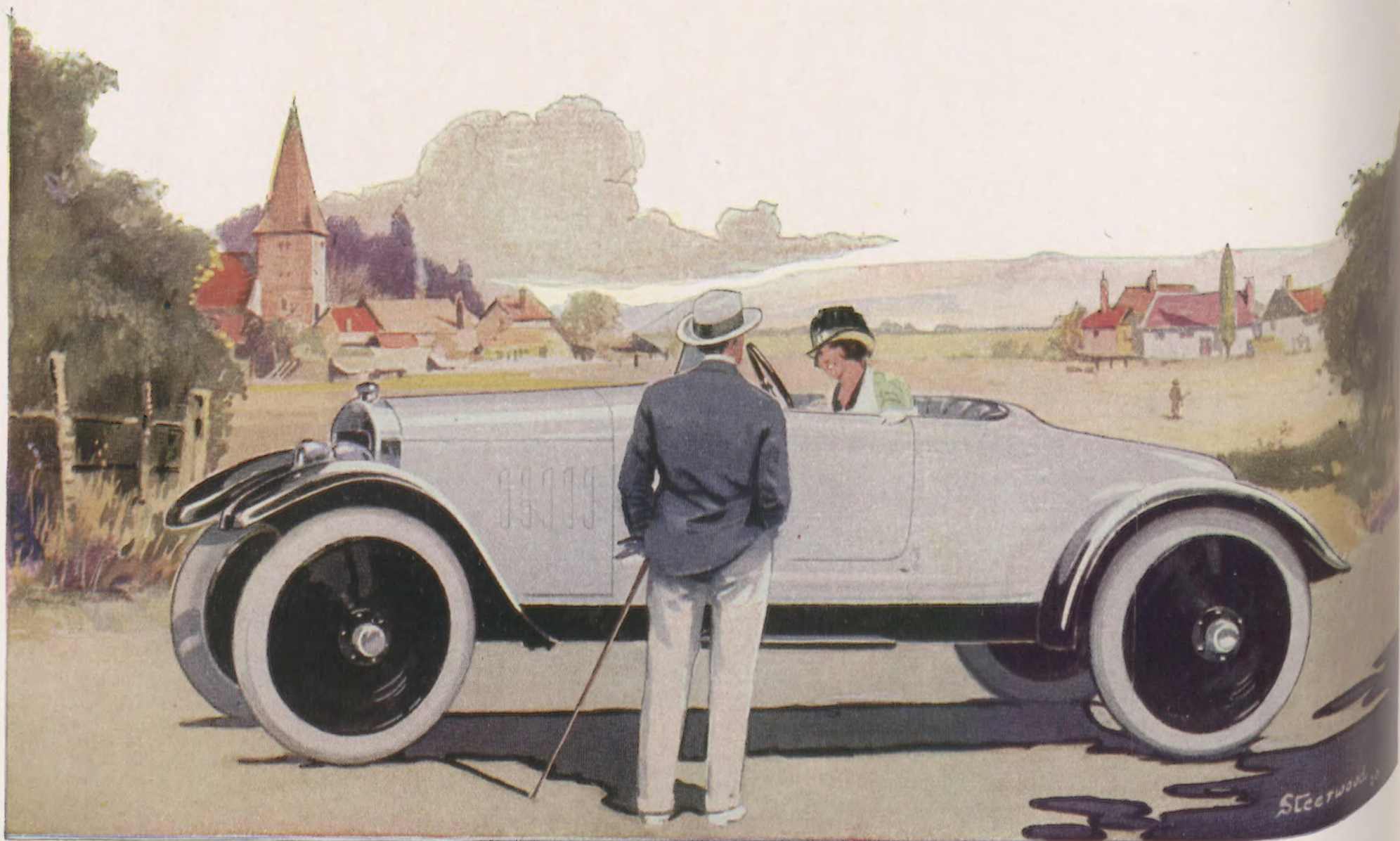
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£495

Immediate Delivery.

Whiting Ltd
334-340 Euston Rd.
London N.W.1



£550

complete

2-Seater Car

Electric Lighting

Detachable Disc Wheels

3-Speeds Self-starter

11.9 H.P. 4-cyl. Engine

Also four-seaters and coupés

DELIVERIES NOW

*Their Reliability is proverbial
Their Speed an experience
Their Hill Climbing a Revelation*

RELIABILITY. The attention to details and the exceptional precautions in manufacture, the correct distribution of weight, low centre of gravity and perfect springing contribute to the consistent Road performance of TAUNTON Cars, which is real reliability.

SPEED. Although every Taunton Car will easily exceed the 50 m.p.h. mark, it is their wonderful power of acceleration and their hill climbing qualities which make their high average speed—the Road speed that really counts.

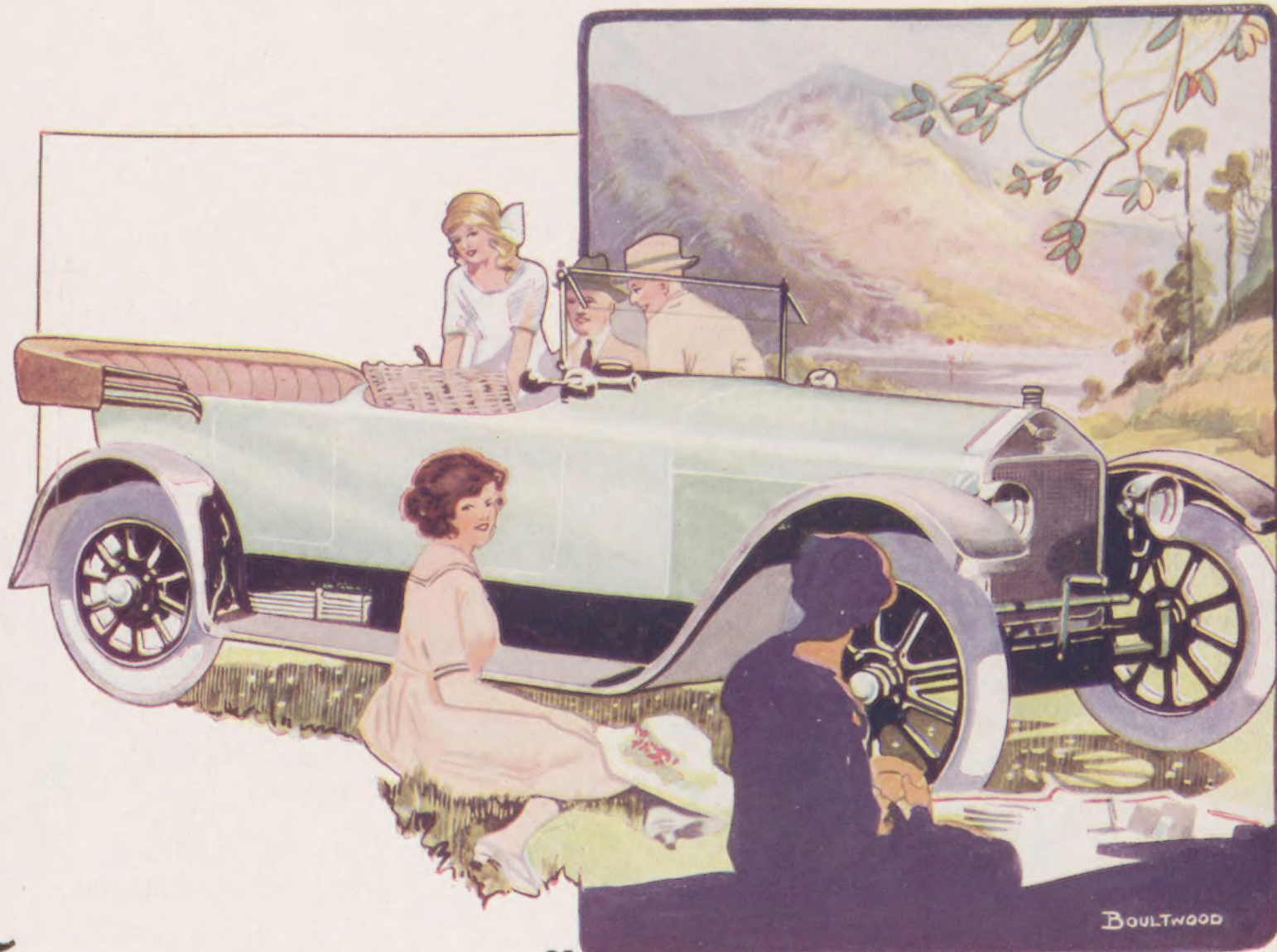
HILL CLIMBING. It is quite impossible to convey an adequate impression of the performance of TAUNTONS on hills. Ordinary hills do not exist for them. Exceptional hills they climb with ease and flexibility without the necessity of rushing.

THE ROAD PERFORMANCE OF THE TAUNTON MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE APPRECIATED

Write for Catalogue to

Manufacturers : THE INTERNATIONAL TAUNTON ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED, 141 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

Wholesale Agents : MANSIONS MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, 78 Petty France, Buckingham Gate, S.W.



The "WOLSELEY" FIFTEEN

has stepped at once into the very front rank of the world's touring cars. Its speed, hill-climbing power, and flexibility are the delight of every fortunate owner, and it is remarkably economical to run. It is beyond question the most successful car of the year.

*WE APPEND A FEW OPINIONS
OF WOLSELEY MOTOR-OWNERS*

Ask us for Catalogue No. 39, post free

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.
(Proprietors: VICKERS, Limited)

London Depot: Petty France, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W.1

"Swinbrook," Burford, OXON.
January 2nd, 1921.

From LORD REDESDALE.

"It is quite impossible for me to tell you how pleased I am with the Fifteen. It far surpasses all my expectations—some of the roads round here are in a deplorable condition, but you have to be in some other car to realise it. The way in which it climbs hills, without any question of changing down, is a revelation."

"Winscombe," Hall Road, WALLINGTON.
December 9th, 1920.

"I am an old motorist, as you know, and have driven many makes of cars, but your Fifteen has surpassed all my expectations, both for flexibility and smoothness of running, and power on hills. The springing is absolutely perfect, a great boon in these days of bad roads."

A. BRILL.

Heaton, BRADFORD.
January 26th, 1921.

"I have much pleasure in letting you know that the Fifteen I purchased through your Agent here a month ago is giving every satisfaction, and is fully up to all you claim for this model."

March 1st, 1921.

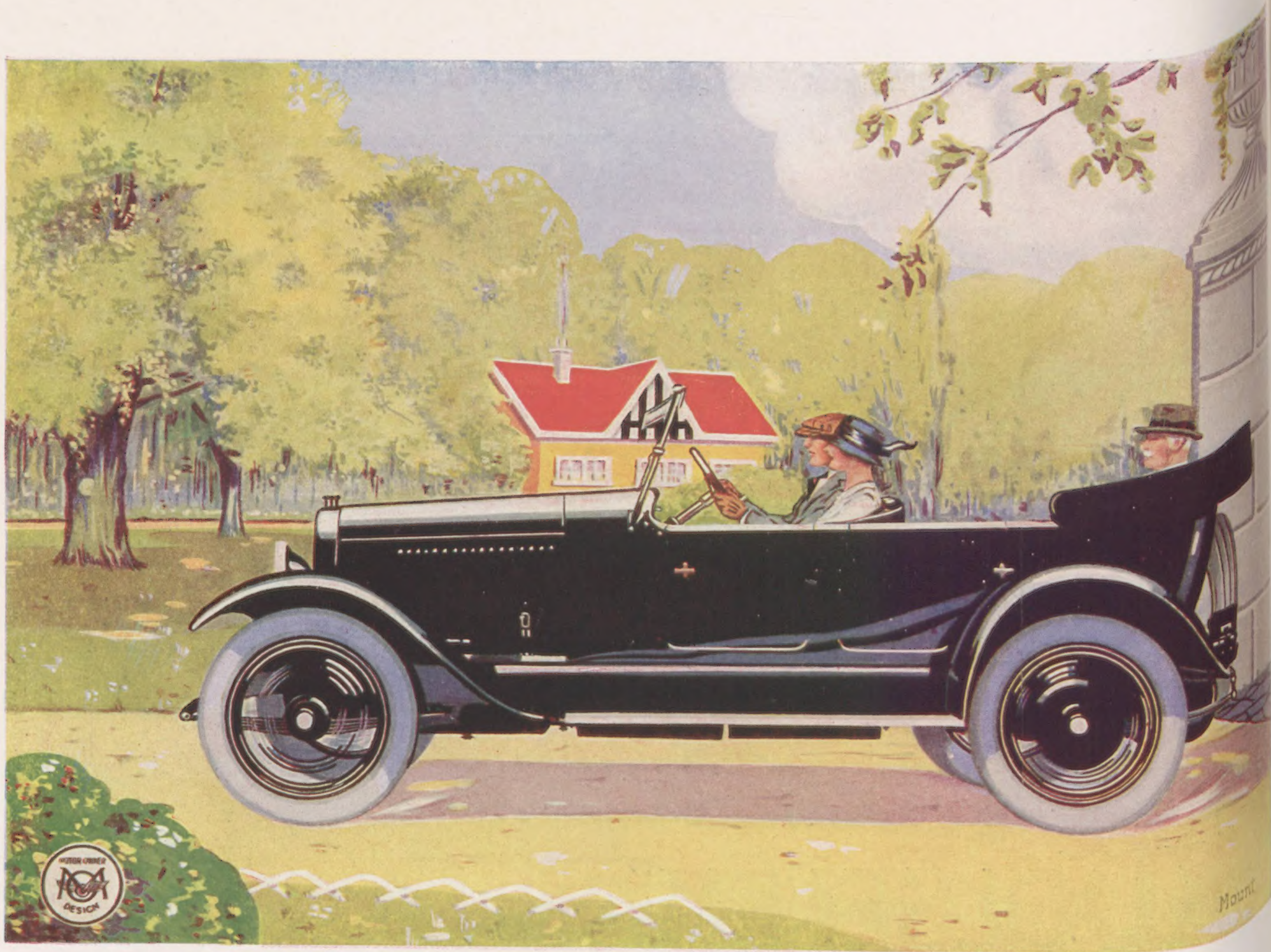
"Further experience of the Fifteen car since writing you in January, fully justifies the good opinion then expressed."

T. L. RHODES (Capt.)

The Folly House, CHEPSTOW.
December 15th, 1920.

"The car has given me the greatest satisfaction, and is remarkable for its lively engine, quick acceleration, and power on hills. Silence and smooth running have, however, in no way been sacrificed, I am glad to say. The springing is particularly excellent, and is, I consider, one of the great features of the car."

C. L. B. FRANCIS.



The Chalmers "Six"

is a sound investment because the cost of operation is extremely low. Actual running expense is held to a minimum. Maintenance and replacement charges are greatly reduced

Further, the marked superiority of the Chalmers to cars of similar size and price is attracting unusual attention.

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And T. GARNER, LTD., 60, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER



REDUCED Ruston- Hornsby

The Car of Quality & Value

PROMPT DELIVERY

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The charges for certain raw materials and accessories have been reduced recently, and, although the manufacturers of Ruston-Hornsby cars are not yet reaping the full benefit of these lower costs, they have decided to give immediately to customers the advantage of the fall

THE REDUCED PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS

16-20 h.p. £585

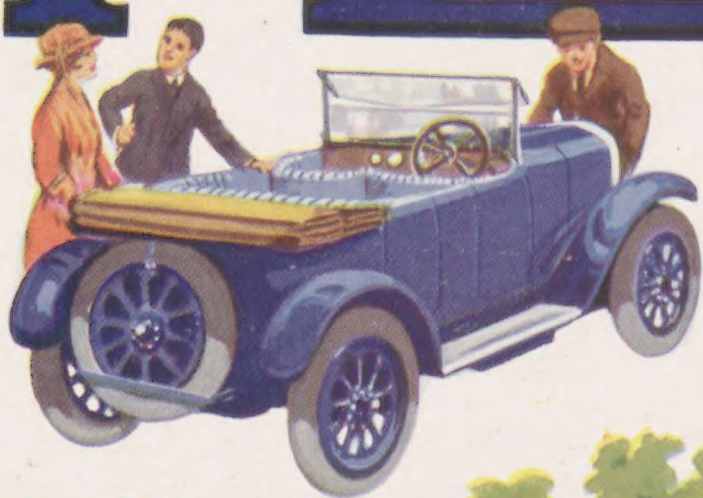
20-25 h.p. £650

The price guarantee is unconditionally withdrawn

The high standard of Ruston-Hornsby manufacture is maintained, and both models carry the same complete equipment. For cars of their power, quality and seating capacity, the Ruston-Hornsby is remarkable value.



Behind the ENFIELD- ALLDAY



Standard Four-Seater Touring
Body with complete
equipment. Price **£575**
net at works

IS the experience of many years' automobile building.
In its construction only the highest grade materials are used and every batch
of these materials has to pass the most rigorous tests at the hands of our
analysts and engineers.

Possible faults have been sought through the medium of strenuous track work
and gruelling road tests until we can, with implicit confidence, offer the Enfield-
Allday as the best English light car on the market.

Its performance justifies the trouble we are taking in its production. It averages
37 miles per gallon and with four passengers has climbed the famous Highgate
Hill at 20 miles per hour in top gear.

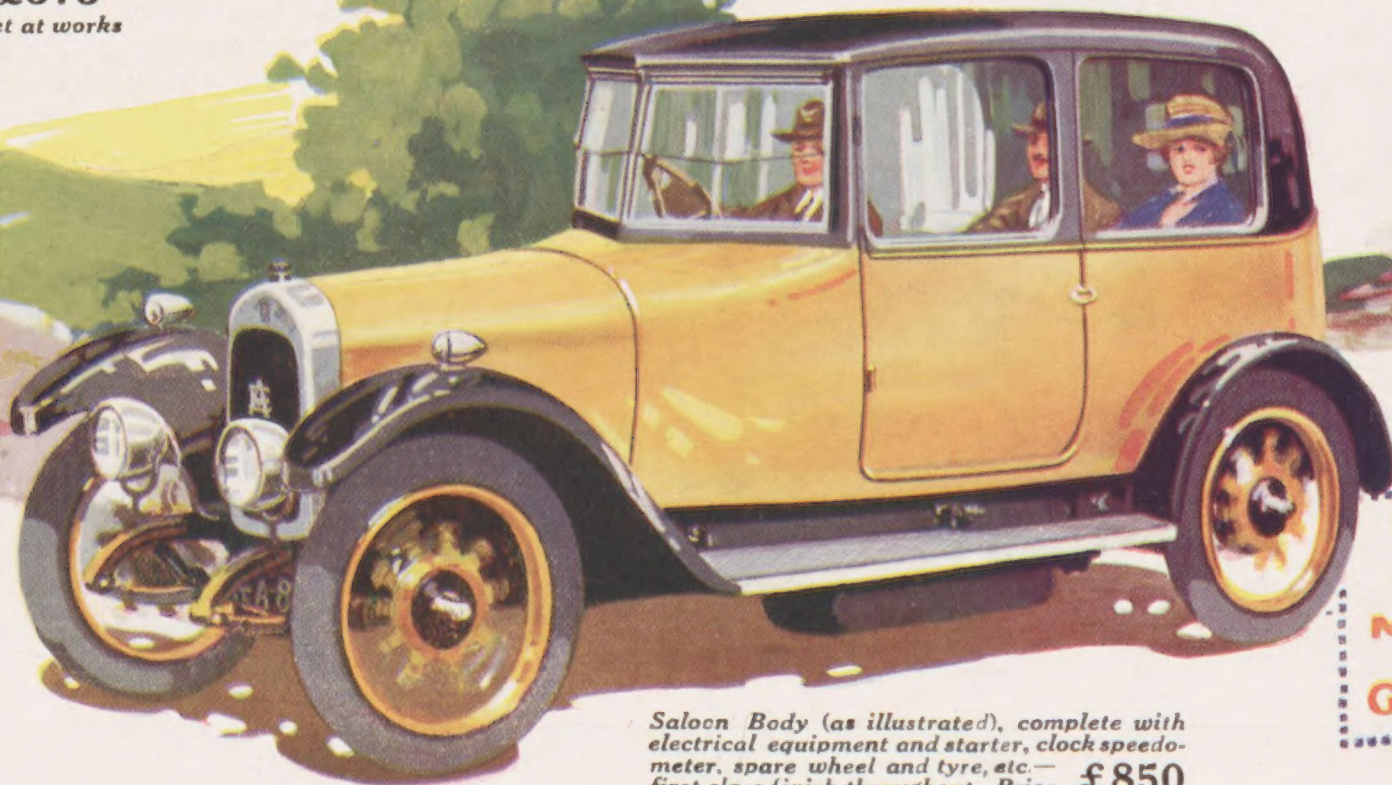
Its delightful steering; comfortable cantilever springing; dynamo lighting and
starting; comprehensive tool kit, carried in a neat box beneath the running
board, and its generally aristocratic appearance, are but a few of the points
which immediately appeal to you.

If you will oblige us with your name and address we will gladly send you our
fully descriptive catalogue together with the name of our nearest dealer from
whom you may obtain a demonstration run.

And the Tax is only £10!

ENFIELD-ALLDAY MOTORS, LTD.
SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM

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37
MILES
Per
GALLON

Saloon Body (as illustrated), complete with
electrical equipment and starter, clock speedo-
meter, spare wheel and tyre, etc.—
first-class finish throughout. Price **£850**
net at works



“**C**AREFUL there, sonny, or the gypsies will get you!” Many a staid father and gracious mother of to-day can well remember when the mention of gypsies caused eyes to grow large and hearts to go pit-a-pat! Gypsies—a magic word, a threat, a fear, a panic to the little ears of long ago.

Yet, forsooth, these same staid fathers and gracious mothers who once shrank away from brightly-coloured shawls, lithe figures and piercing dark eyes, have become the greatest gypsies of all—gypsies of the motor car! And what is better for gypsy touring than the PACKARD TWIN-SIX, the luxury car with the low upkeep cost?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

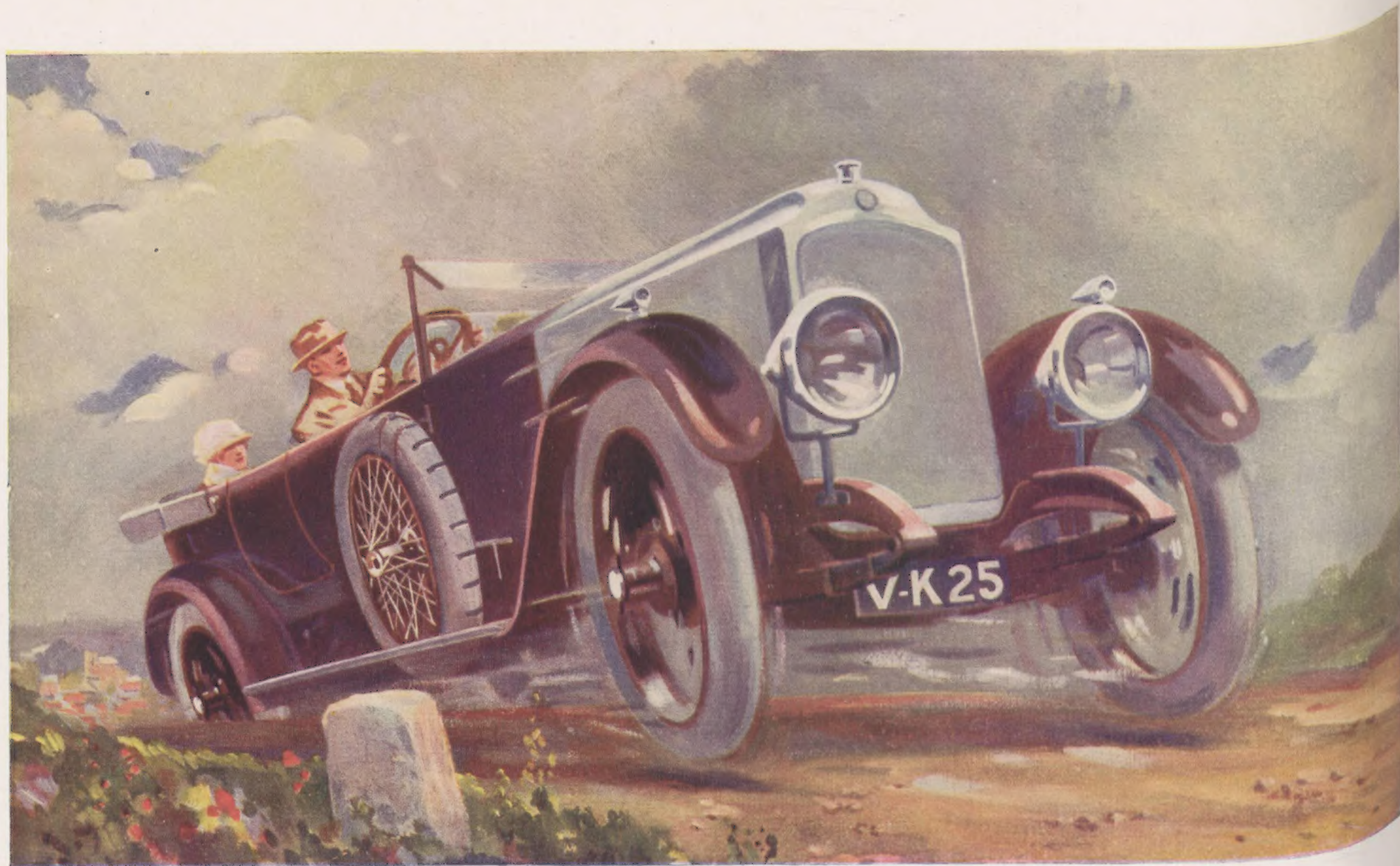
Trial runs to suit your own convenience.

Catalogues and all details with pleasure.

Packard

THE Sole Concessionaires
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continue in strong demand—a recognition of moderate first cost in a best-class car. ¶ The two types of Vauxhall chassis—the 25 h.p. for all-round purposes, and the 30-98 h.p. for the lover of great power and speed—are both very worthy of consideration by those who appreciate the ideals expressed in British cars of the first rank

CHASSIS WITH FULL EQUIPMENT			
25 h.p. - - -	£800	30-98 h.p. - - -	£1,000

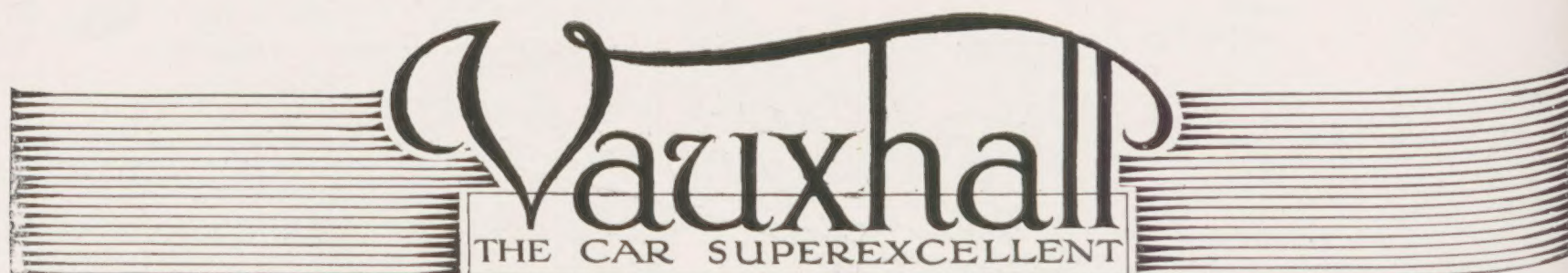
COMPLETE OPEN CARS, HIGHEST GRADE FINISH			
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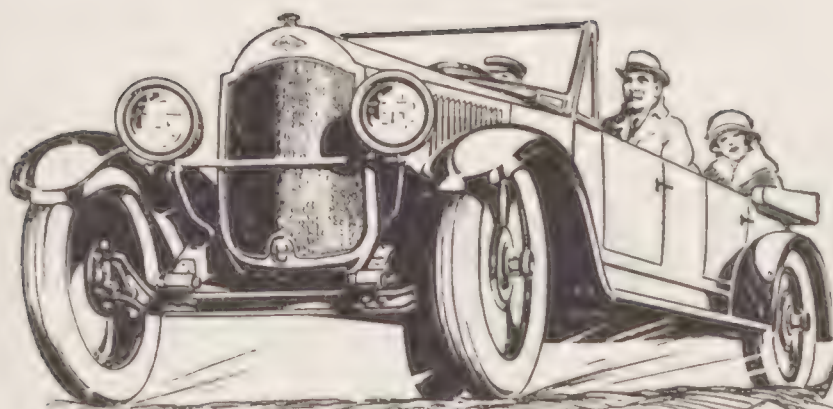
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PAIGE

£230

First Payment

will get you this car—NOW

Immediate possession of the luxurious "Paige," America's most beautiful Car, can be secured by an initial payment of £230. Balance in instalments, under our direct plan of deferred payments.

This additional advantage, introduced to meet existing conditions, makes the "Paige" more than ever the most desirable Car-purchase of the day.

Whether for business or for pleasure, the "Paige" with its full electrical equipment offers, in exclusive features and superb engine quality, Car service exceptional and economical.

The price of the "Paige" Glenbrook has now been reduced from £795 to £695. Compare the specification of the "Paige" at this price with that of any other Car.

A real trial run is offered, but if you cannot call, send for illustrated portfolio of 1921 Models with full specifications.

The "Paige" World's Records.

The "Paige" created the World's Speed Record for Stock Cars of any piston displacement by covering a measured mile at a speed of 102.8 miles per hour. The "Paige" holds the 1920 Record for the fastest time to the dizzy summit of Pikes Peak, Colorado.

"Better the farther it goes!"

A Major-General writes:—

"My 'Paige' Larchmont 25-30 h.p. has just completed a run of 334 miles on 16½ gallons of petrol—over 20 miles per gallon. The car has now run within a few miles of 10,000 and is apparently doing better the farther it goes. I have had several other cars in the past 16 years, but have never been so well satisfied before."

PAIGE-GLENBROOK, 20-25 h.p., Touring Car	£695
PAIGE-LARCHMONT, 25-30 h.p., Sports Model	£1,050
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Illustrated Portfolio of 1921 models with full specification gladly sent on request.

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119, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1

Service Station and Spare Part Depot, 111 Grosvenor Road, S.W.

TO MOTORISTS who are Business Men

Looking Forward

HOWEVER unsatisfactory present trade conditions may seem, the one great mainspring which keeps the wheels of commerce turning is a lively hope of better things to come. Every business man believes in the future, otherwise he would not continue his business.

It is not enough merely to acknowledge a blind hope for the future. We must plan for the future.

This is the right time to plan your sales campaign—to decide upon objectives, the line of attack, the field of operations, the method and extent of distribution. No sales plan can omit to use Advertising which gives power and speed to both the distributing and selling effort. Advertising requires experience and trained intelligence, and time in which to prepare the right material. Give this necessary time now, you may not be able to give it later.

The House of Crawford stands ready with the necessary complement of knowledge and equipment. Its staff is an organisation of expert advertising men, who can prove wide experience of many diverse selling problems and can point to a long record of successes.

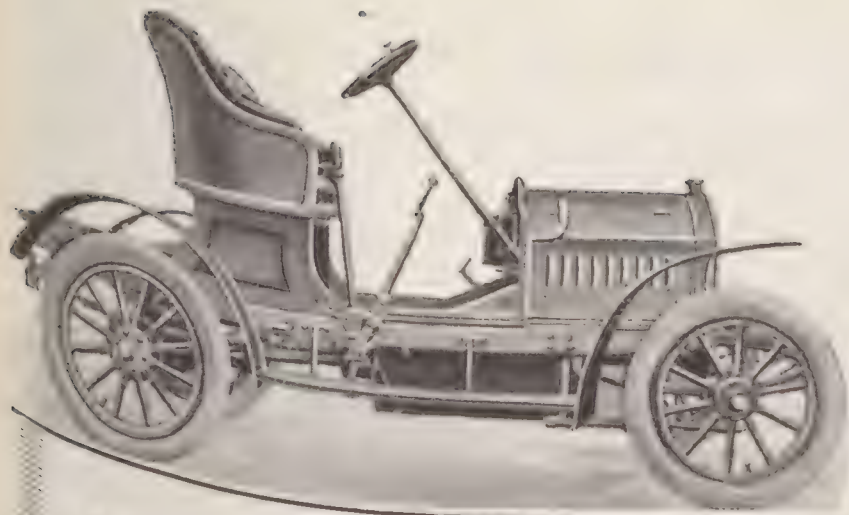
Enlist the service of this modern organisation now, let them set to work on your problems immediately lest the pressure of re-awakening trade take you unawares and make demands upon your business, for which it is unprepared.

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The D.F.P. of 1905

WELL MATURED

BUILT in 1905, the single-cylinder D.F.P. was backed up by 15 years of experience.



There are two models

THE 10.12—a straightforward economy chassis shorn of all extravagances—was brought out in 1912. Constant improvement has kept this model in the front rank of simple and sturdy small cars.

Chassis price, with electric lighting equipment, £430; Two-Seater from £535; Four-seater from £595.

THE 12.40 of to-day was also originated in 1912, and developed by racing and competition work into a sporting car with a fine reputation; it maintains its "form" without continual tuning or tinkering.

Price of chassis, with electric starting and lighting, five Michelin detachable disc wheels, four tyres and tool-kit, £675; Two-seater from £800; Four-seater de luxe, £850.

Sole Concessionaires for the British Empire
BENTLEY & BENTLEY, Ltd.,
36, North Audley Street,
London, W.1.



Telephone:
5607
Mayfair

Raymond M.



It's too late for wishing now!



Size 14 in. high,
3 in. diameter.
Weight, 6 lb.

THAT'S finished *our* car. Why didn't I get Pyrene? Time and again I've been going to do so. I realised the fire risk—knew the remedy. In the Army I saw dozens of cars saved by Pyrene. Yet I kept putting it off, vainly imagining that *my* car wouldn't catch fire. Now it's lost—the car we waited years for, destroyed by fire in a few minutes. It will be many a long day before we can get another. I ought not to have left it to luck, but it's no good wishing now."

CARS take fire without warning! With Pyrene you can put out the fire before the damage is done. Furthermore, Pyrene liquid is non-damaging and after using it you can drive on as though nothing had happened.

PYRENE is a light, handy, thoroughly efficient fire extinguisher. It is easy to operate, and is always ready. No car is complete without Pyrene, and its elegant design and superior finish make it a pleasurable possession.

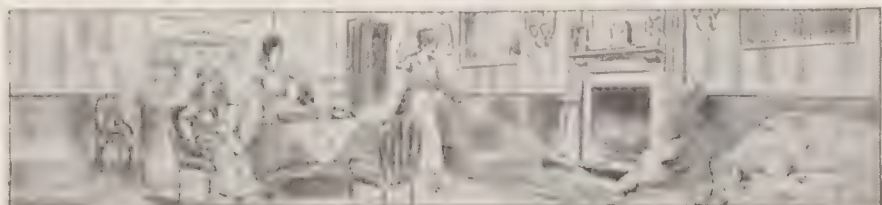
EVERYWHERE Motorists, realising the necessity for fire protection, are installing Pyrene. It should be protecting *your* car and garage *now*.

20 per cent.
Rebate on the
Fire Rate of
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Sold by all leading Stores, Garages, and Ironmongers

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ALSO PROTECT YOUR HOME BY INSTALLING PYRENE



The Man who keeps fit
is a firm friend of
LIFEBUOY SOAP

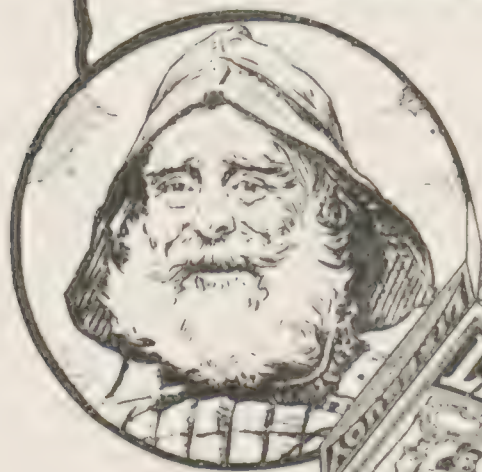


EVERY outdoor sport—Rowing, Swimming, Cricket, Tennis, Golf—reflects inborn health seeking an expression of the joyous vigour of life. Lifebuoy Soap, by fighting disease germs, helps to make life more healthy and enjoyable. Moments of pleasure come from its use; its healthy, antiseptic odour gratifies the senses—its lather is refreshing and soothing.

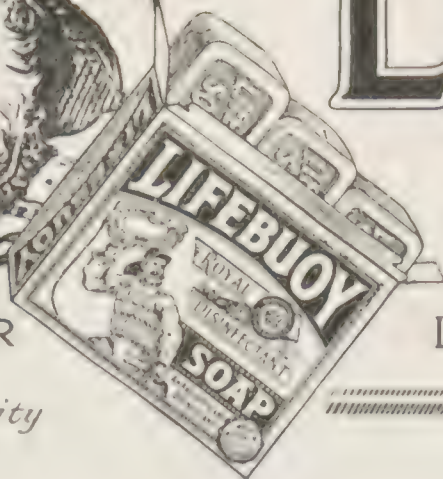
The lasting benefits of Lifebuoy, in protecting its users from the dangers of infection, give it prominence as the toilet companion of the fit.

*After a good pull—a
good tub with Lifebuoy.*

**MORE THAN SOAP—
YET COSTS NO MORE.**



*The name LEVER
on Soap is a
Guarantee of Purity
and Excellence.*

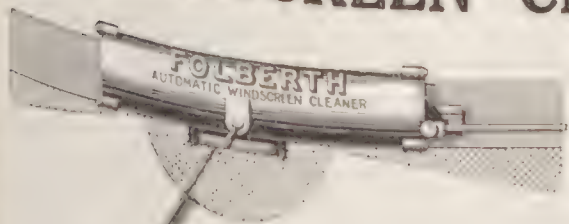


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SOAP**

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

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THE FOLBERTH AUTOMATIC WINDSCREEN CLEANER



Sweeps
Backwards and
Forwards
Automatically

It Cleans
While
You Drive—
And gives
100% CLEAR VISION

COSTS NOTHING
TO OPERATE

NEEDS NO
ATTENTION

INSTALLED IN A
FEW MINUTES

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FOR MOTOR-OWNERS

are built and designed specially for comfort, and whilst giving perfect freedom for driving, always present that smart appearance and easy fit demanded by the well-dressed man.

Made to order or ready-for-service in a variety of tasteful colours and textures, each coat is cut and finished with that same close attention to individual requirements that characterises all the tailoring of this firm.

The "Studington" will last for years, and retain its perfect set and style as long as you care to wear it.

From 6½ Guineas.



STUDD & MILLINGTON
CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.
AND THEIR AUTHORISED PROVINCIAL AGENTS.

The Albert

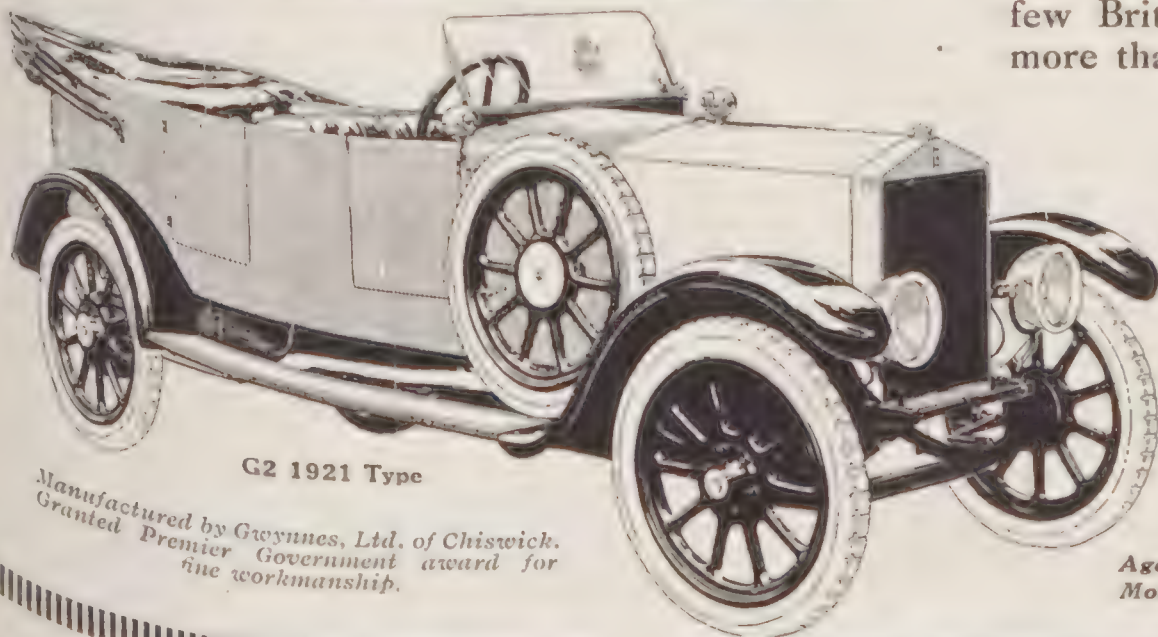
4-Seaters & 2-Seaters.
Price £495 complete
Coupe Model £694
All-Weather Model £765

WRITE FOR THE ALBERT BOOK
This book should be in the hands of every intending motorist. It describes comprehensively all models of the 11'9 Albert Car.



Equipment includes—Complete Set of Lighting Set and Self-Starter; 1 Spare Tyre; 5 C.A.V. Lamps; Eight-day Clock; Powerful Electric Horn; Twelve Months' Guarantee and the well-known and continuous "Albert" Inspection Service.

Tools; C.A.V. Wheel and



G2 1921 Type

Manufactured by Gwynnes, Ltd. of Chiswick.
Granted Premier Government award for fine workmanship.

The Light Car with the Four Speed Gear Box

Mr. John Prioleau, referring to the 11'9 Albert in the "Daily Mail," 13/12/20, wrote—

"The chief thing which attracted me, of course, was the four-speed gear box, an essential you very rarely find in British small cars. Very few British factories turn out light cars with more than three speeds."

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Dept. "MO" "Service House,"
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Telegrams: "SERAUTOCO, 'PHONE, LONDON."

Agencies held by over 200 of the principal Motor Traders throughout the country

Very nearly left it

The scene is in a Golf Club in Scotland. Two cronies have finished a round and are celebrating it at the "nineteenth" hole.

McD——d: "Hae ye played on the new coorse at ——?"

McP——n: "Na."

McD——d: "It's got the makins o' a good coorse, but losh, man, dinna try the Whisky there."

McP——n: "Is 't as bad as that?"

McD——d: "Man, a verra nearly left it!"

Needless to say the Whisky at the new Golf Club was not

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

Imported rubbish is being mixed with Whisky and is being foisted on the public as the genuine article. When you draw the cork of a bottle of Haig & Haig you can rely on it that the contents are:

- (1) Genuine Whiskies all made in Scotland.
- (2) Made in Scotland long before the War.
- (3) Made in the best way and of the finest materials.
- (4) Kept so long that all crude properties are eliminated.

Be prepared to pay more for Haig & Haig than for other Whiskies. It is worth it. Do not blame Haig & Haig for sending most of their Whiskies abroad. On every case sold in the Home Market there is a loss—and remember that we are *paying for* "control."

HAIG & HAIG, Ltd. (Distillers since 1679), 57, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1



We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is a loss on each case sold in the Home Market.

£750 ————— "Value for Money"

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16 h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "value-for-money" policy, which gives its customers the *immediate* benefit of the improved industrial outlook

Catalogues and all details from our
Head Office and trial run arranged

TALBOT DARRACQ

TOWNMEAD ROAD, FULHAM - - LONDON, S.W.6
Showrooms: - - - - 150 New Bond Street, London, W.1

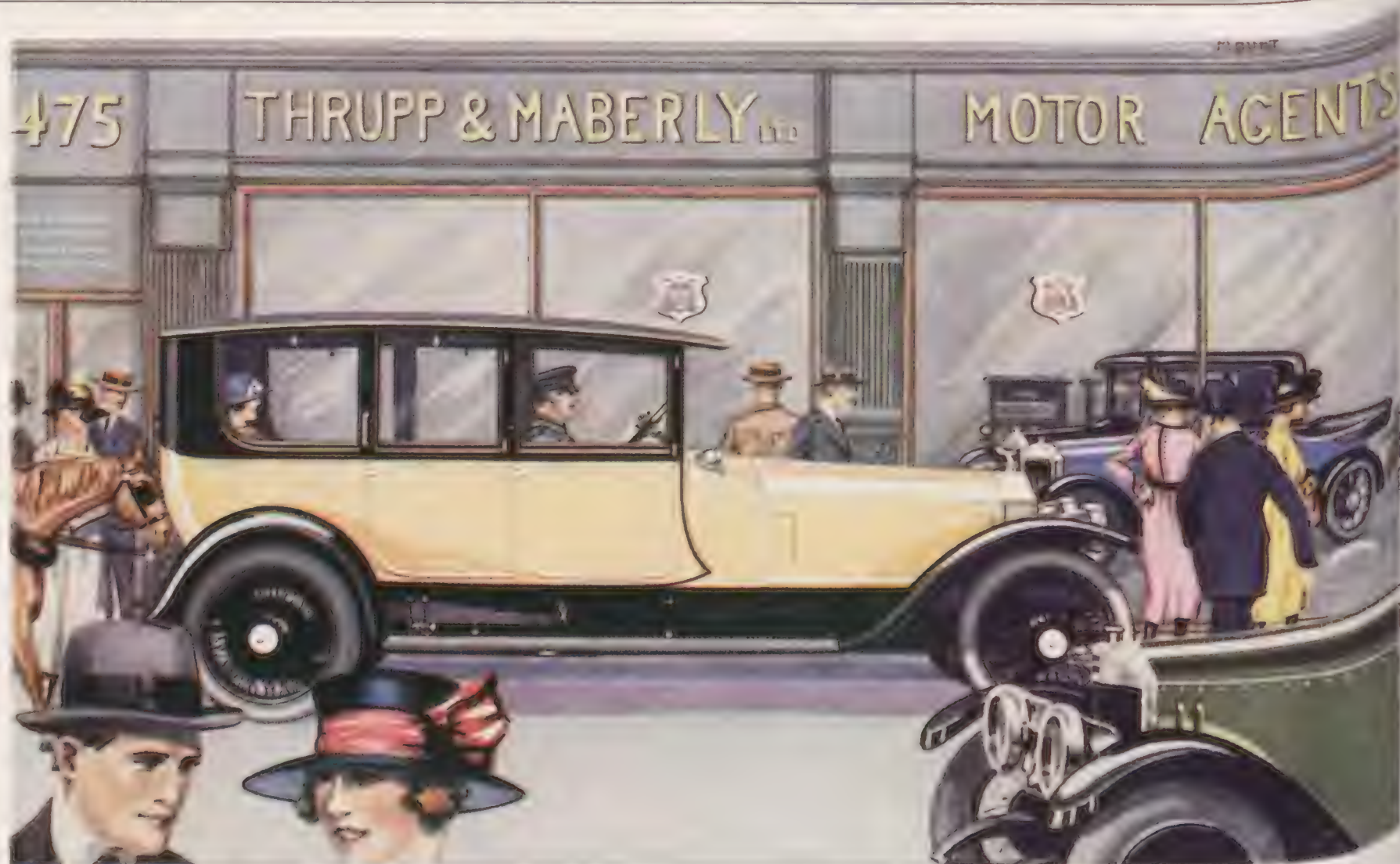
"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE
YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4th, 1920
After the most exhaustive examination into relative 'value for money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'Value for Money.' . . . W. H. Berry.

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard," March 4th, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."





A Daily Scene in Oxford Street.

THRUPP & MABERLY, Ltd

COACHBUILDERS

AND

AGENTS *for* ALL MAKES *of* CARS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
COACH BUILDERS



TO H M KING GEORGE V

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
COACH BUILDERS



TO H M QUEEN ALEXANDRA

London Agents for the Grant 6 cylinder. Open and closed models can be seen in our Showrooms. Trial runs arranged.

We have in stock a selection of open and closed bodies in wood and iron, at reduced prices, ready to be mounted on the following chassis, Lanchester, Minerva, Wolseley, Talbot, and Daimler.

475 Oxford Street, London, W.1



In Times Past, the Pioneer depended on
Trade Winds — To-day he depends on

SHELL AVIATION

Capt Sir Ross Smith, K.B.E., the Pioneer of Flight from
England to Australia, used *SHELL* — the dependable Spirit —
throughout the entire journey of 10,925 miles.

FOR ALL MOTORS



Phone : Regent:691

Telegrams : "Ockinswamo, Phone, London.

THE TEMPERINO

PRICE REDUCED FROM £285 TO £250

ITALY'S FAMOUS LIGHT CAR

LONDON—MANCHESTER J.C.C. TRIAL AWARDED GOLD MEDAL

ENGINE : 8-10 h.p. V Twin Deeply Finned, Air-cooled by fan, 85 mm, 89 mm, c.c. 1000. High-tension Bosch Magneto.

CLUTCH : Dry Plate, no lubrication required.

PROPELLER SHAFT : Enclosed.

GEARS : 3 Speeds forward and reverse (patented), Gate change. Internal expanding brakes. Hood, Screen, Spare wheel.

8 cwt., 45-50 m.p.h., 50-60 m.p.g. No belts, no chains.

Acknowledged one of the finest Light Cars on the market.

TEMPERINO MOTORS (Great Britain) LIMITED

Sole Concessionaires for
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Managing Director : J. S. WOOD

WALDORF HOUSE,
ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2
Opposite Strand Theatre

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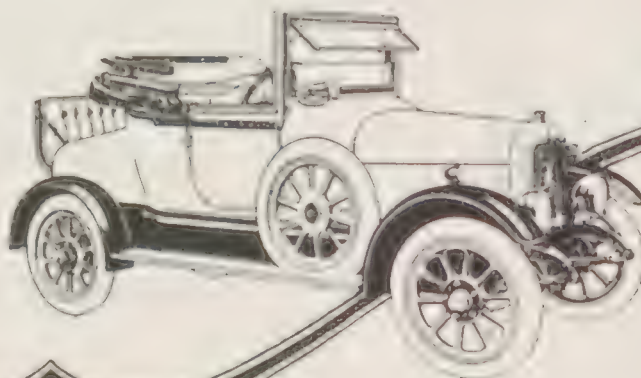
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THE MOTOR-OWNER

JUNE
1921



VOL. III
NO. 25

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.
Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London."

Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free:

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Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

ISN'T IT ANNOYING TO HAVE TO STAY IN TOWN?

THE ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Perhaps it is rather cruel to inflict so refreshing a picture upon those readers who perforce will remain in town through the—let us hope—sunny June days. But the photograph, a more or less accidental snapshot, is so charmingly natural that we will risk it.

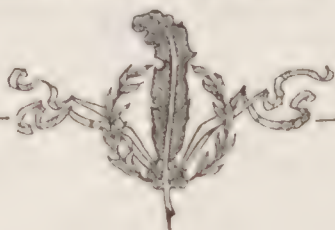


[From a Kodak snapshot.]

LIFE ITSELF IS A SERIES OF MILESTONES.

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" Considers Things and People with an Open Mind.



BENZOLE DEVELOPMENTS.

THERE is a failing common to most of us. It is rarely that we take an adequate interest in the problems affecting the general welfare of the nation unless they also happen to be of direct incidence to our own personal requirements. It is also a difficult matter to get officialdom and the great British public to take what we will term an adequately perspicuous outlook on a problem possessed of non-immediate difficulties. Under such a classification comes the great problem of alternative motor fuels in general with specific relationship to National benzole. One rejoices with unbounded gratification that the circumstances at present are infinitely better than they were in pre-war days. We now have a powerful co-operation of all the leading interests concerned with the production of this fuel, and we have an annual output of considerable magnitude. We also have a fuel high grade in quality and sold to a standardised specification which ensures the maintenance of that standard. All this is good. But it is not good enough. There are big potential developments in connection with benzole production. It is "up to" all of us to see that better progress is made in the future. Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article explaining the benzole problem and its many ramifications. It is couched in simple language, and is purposely free from too many technicalities.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

One of the most interesting features of THE MOTOR-OWNER is the wholly remarkable success of our photographic competition. It is not merely that photographs are entered from every corner of the United Kingdom. They come, literally, from the uttermost parts of the world. In our last prize, a competitor in India won a per cent. amusement, and we are

glad that the vast majority of our readers take it in the spirit intended. The prizes are quite nominal and purely incidental.

Despite these facts, we are taken strongly to task by a lady reader. She assures us that three attempts she has sent in are better than the prize winners. We have sorrow—but "these things must always be, after a famous victory." We can only do our best,



Point of view is a strange thing. To the average man a milestone is merely an accessory of life. To the rogue and vagabond it looms large—he has to walk from one to another!

and great care is exercised in making the selections. Try again, madam, and the very best of good luck to you.

The winners this month are a wee bit lucky. The excellent little Kodak snap which we have used as a frontispiece to this issue would have carried off a prize, only we decided to purchase it at a special fee, to use as we have done. It serves to illustrate our point, that whilst motoring interest is desirable, it is not essential. The excellence of the photo you take—amateurs only—is the amusement we wish to foster. By all means let there be a motoring interest when practical. But if you take a good, happy, and cheerful snap of anybody or anything—send it in and hope for the best.

ROAD SURFACE DRESSINGS.

The tar spraying of road surfaces is a mixed blessing. It is an unfortunate fact that the work is carried out with very varying efficiency. In some districts it is well done. In others—well, we must draw the gentle veil of suppression over the language we feel tempted to quote. There is good cause for Ministry of Transport activity in regard to this problem. Where tar-spraying is to be done, the Ministry should see to it that the work is carried out efficiently.

But there is a more important point. Many road authorities aver that it is more economical in the long run to do the job thoroughly when at it, and re-surface or re-build with bituminous materials. If this be so, then the annual tar-spraying scheme is antiquated and should be superseded. There is, of course, no question as to the quality of the two methods. The only possible excuse for annual patchwork efforts would be on the score of economy. If that economy is only apparent, then the sooner someone sees to it that the work is done thoroughly, the better for all. The next step is obviously with the Ministry of Transport. The facts of the case can readily be obtained. They should then be as readily acted upon.

THE SUBLIMINAL CAR.

A Short Story

by

H. H. Forrester-Lamb.

JONES cranked up the car with a will, if ever a man did. At last he saw the goal in sight. Within an hour or two his old two-seater would be sold and his new, 1920 model, four-seater almost bought.

"She's a real beauty, you know," he said, pausing to flick some dust off his nose. "These valves have all been resealed and she's been tuned up to perfection. As a matter of fact, she does better now than when she was new. She can do fifty an hour steady any time you like. I wouldn't be selling her only she's getting a bit small for me."

Again he cranked her up, but without response from the engine, so, to cover the awkwardness of the moment, he pulled off the bonnet and disclosed the inner works.

"Look at that. Isn't she a beauty?" Then, as the immaculate youth who proposed to purchase looked into the depths, "Easy on, though, with that cigarette. If it fell into the engine there might be trouble. I'm using that new spirit, Pyrobenzol, and it's pretty explosive. Watch how smoothly she starts."

He flung himself at the crank to emphasise his remarks.

They were certainly going at a good speed. Jones had not thought that the old car could go so well, but Vane had been so insistent about speed that he simply had to let the car out to its limit. Even then the young ass had been fatuous with his remarks whenever Jones slowed down to avoid a crash. Once they skidded between a couple of trams, saw two scared drivers jam on their brakes, and Vane laughed uproariously as fragments of profanity floated after them.

"A near shave that. What!" he cried. "But I'm a devil for speed."

"Curse the fool," said Jones. "If he wants speed he'll have some," and he pressed the accelerator.

Down Archway Road they cut across a pavement in turning, and a wild clatter of breaking glass followed. A barrow spun round and collapsed, bringing more ruin in its fall. Then the Demon of speed took hold of Jones and he went all out. The Archway, crowded with a wild throng, flashed on them and was past. Traffic at Highbury scattered before them like water before a steamer's prow. They were tearing down on the city. Consternation seemed to precede them in that wild flight. Jones clung to the wheel, almost unable to think, while Vane chattered against the rush of wind. Only four words could be heard: "A devil for speed."

As they flew on, sanity returned to Jones, and he nearly charged a lamp-post in his excitement. Then, with the danger passed, Jones muttered to himself:

"If this ass thinks he's going to buy this car when we're finished he's jolly well mistaken. She's never gone like this before, so I'll keep her myself."

Close by the Bank the car turned on one giddy wheel into Cheapside. In front, a policeman's hand rose and rushed towards them. Then things

whirled in ever narrowing circles, and, with a sigh of relief, Jones put out his hand, gropingly. His fingers closed on a sheet. He was in bed.

Thank God, then, it had all been a dream.

He opened his eyes and looked around in utter bewilderment. Where was the photograph of himself in uniform? What was the meaning of these white walls and that smell of carbolic? And that other bed near him with its occupant all bandaged up? He felt his own face. There were dressings, too. . . .

"Feeling better?" said a brown-eyed young man, smiling down at him. He returned a dazed stare.

"I don't understand. Am I in hospital? I thought I had dreamt it all—that ride, and the crash, and that ass Vane."

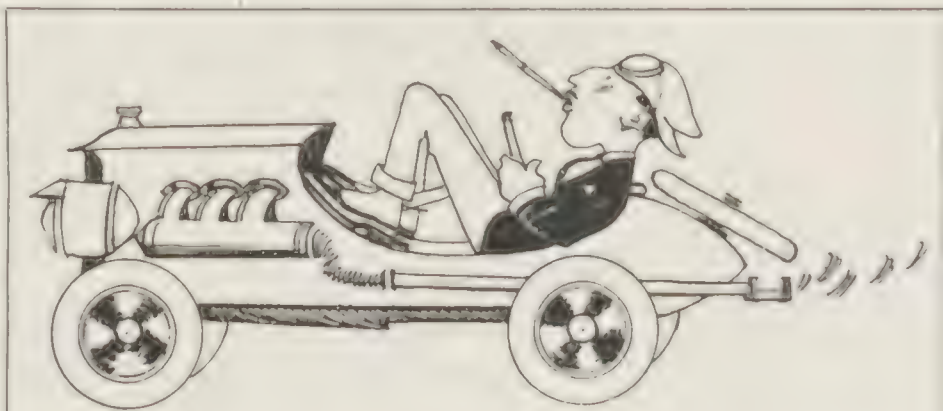
"Ah, yes. Vane. He was buying your car, wasn't he?" said the surgeon.

"Doctor," exclaimed Jones, trying to raise himself, "You didn't let him buy it, did you? That car's a lot better than I ever thought it was, and I won't part with it. She was going like a bird when we stopped."

"It was going like a bird all right. Some of it hasn't flown back yet. I don't think you know quite what happened, but as far as we can make out, while you were cranking up, Vane must have dropped his cigarette or a match into the works. That Pyrobenzol you were using did the rest. You aren't so badly damaged. You'll be out of here in about ten days. I'm not so sure about Vane."

"Vane. Is he here, too?"

"Rather. He's in the next ward, raving ever since he came in about being 'a devil for speed.' It seems to be a mania with him."



"That young ass Vane—a devil for speed."

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT OURSELVES.

OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

THE MOTOR-OWNER is two years old, and although it is not our custom to pat ourselves on the back at every little success we may score, we do feel that this, our second birthday, is an occasion when we may legitimately say a few kind words about ourselves.

THIS issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER marks the beginning of our third year of existence; it is, in fact, our second Birthday Number, and we are proud of it—proud of a sturdy infant that promises to reach healthy maturity in record time. It would be immodest, perhaps, to pat ourselves upon the back in this fashion, were it not that the success of THE MOTOR-OWNER is sufficient guarantee that we are merely voicing general opinion in openly congratulating ourselves upon our popularity.

What is popularity, anyway? Surely it is the mere possession of some gift or attribute which is welcome to those among whom one is popular. We produced our first number in June, 1919, with the deep assurance that a magazine of THE MOTOR-OWNER's character—a high-class publication which dealt with motoring primarily from the owner's point of view, rather than from that of the trade—was wanted, and, to avoid going into details, our faith has been fully justified.

Our ideas and ideals, beyond the broad original basis, were hazy, but experience has crystallised them. We know now fairly clearly what our readers want, and it is our pleasure as well as our business to give it to them. Put briefly, the case stands thus: A motorist is primarily a car user, but in very few cases is motoring his only hobby or interest. THE MOTOR-OWNER, therefore, deals primarily with motoring from the standpoint of the average, not-too-technical reader, but it deals with each and any of those other hobbies—motor boating, golf, tennis, polo, shooting, fishing, each

in its season—with which he beguiles those spare hours when he does not wish to be upon the road. Then there is the eternal feminine question. The bulk of the magazine is of equal interest to the motorist of either sex, but we publish regularly, and shall continue to do so, articles of particular interest to women. The subject of our contents is too wide for present specification, but our intention is to make it the motor-owner's monthly magazine in the very fullest sense of the phrase.

We have no hesitation in saying that in normal, pre-war times THE MOTOR-OWNER would have been one of the greatest successes of modern

journalism. But times have been troublous, with little cessation from the moment of our birth until this present issue, and clouds are still heavy in the industrial sky. Even in spite of this, however, we are very satisfied; in view of all the facts, indeed, the progress of THE MOTOR-OWNER is remarkable, as anyone who has knowledge of the problems and expense of periodical production in these days will agree. Comparative figures which we have before us, both as to costs before the war and in our earlier days as compared with the present time, would prove rather a startling education to the reader who runs quickly through the book and remarks casually: "It certainly is well got-up; I wonder how they do it!" But this is scarcely an appropriate place to do more than touch lightly on such questions.

Suffice it to say that we are grateful for the support which our readers have given us all along, and more than pleased that their continued favour makes it possible for us steadily to improve the magazine and make it even more useful and interesting. An ideal reached—if one ever attains an ideal—can mean nothing but a cessation of effort. We know that we are giving readers what they want to a certain extent; obviously, they would not renew their subscriptions otherwise. But we are equally aware that the absolute, ultimate ideal is still ahead, still hazy—may be still unattainable. We shall constantly strive to reach it, however; there will be no going back. Each successive issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER shall be better than the last.



This iron milestone at Maresfield is an interesting relic of the Sussex Iron industry—of which, probably, a great many people have never heard.

ROADS THE ROMANS TROD.

By Viator.

The Roman roads of Britain are interesting subjects to study, either from the armchair or from the steering wheel of a car. They are subjects, however, of which one obtains knowledge almost as much by inference as from definite, authentic fact. History is hazy on many points in connection with them.

HERE is a subject for the pen of a don, but none the less a subject for a man whose scholarship may be of the penny-plain sort; a subject for the driest and the dustiest of the ilk called Dry-as-Dust. Yet withal a subject not necessarily beneath the high attention of, say, a lady-novelist or other dealer in High Romance. For the roads the Romans trod are alike as ancient as our civilisation and as modern as Sir Eric Geddes, so that profoundly as they might interest a Herr Professor on their archæological side, they might move a plain unlettered man to an equal degree although in a different way. One can imagine a Dry-as-Dust starting young in an endeavour to locate all the places given in the *Itinerarium Antonini Augusti* and dying of much head-scratching at a great old age without having quite settled up with a few doubtfuls. For the *Iter*, the earliest of our road-books, is of a truth an uncommonly interesting record, but none the less also an uncommonly puzzling one. There are spades of course, and also pickaxes, but our friend Dry-as-Dust is a poor stick at navvying. And so, and also because, the miles, whether Roman or English, of the roads given in the *Iter* are many, and because, again, our Roman remains are for the most part buried, one can conceive that Dry-as-Dust, somewhat abashed at his self-imposed task, might towards his middle-age let speculation, with its probablys and its in-all-likelihoods and its I-think-we-may-safely-assumes, alleviate the rigours of the game, to an extent at any rate, as—one shudders at saying it—scholars before him have done.

Nor is the locating of the places of the *Iter* the only task to which a man, be he high scholar or mere dilettante, might apply himself as to a forlorn hope. Many, perhaps the majority, of the places have been located—some by means of the spade, and others (one regrets having to repeat it) by inference—but no pundit, so far as

I am aware, has arisen to explain, chapter and verse, why Watling Street is so called, or Ermine Street, or Ryknield Street, or Icknield Street, or Akeman Street, or Foss Way, or Peddars Way, or Maiden Way, or Sarn Helen. Watling Street—the street of wattles, the glib explanation of the man in the street, is not, one fancies, convincing. It may be allowed that the facile is not necessarily to be pooh-poohed for its facility, but in this instance, Watling—a street of wattles, that is to say a street, according to the concise Oxford Dictionary, of, it may be, wicker hurdles, or, it may be, the fleshy appendages under the throats of cocks, turkeys, and some other birds, or, it may be, the barbels of fishes—frankly, my masters, I am not with you in your glibness, your facility. For, to be going on with, this reason: the Romans employed engineers in the making of the roads in Britain, not parish surveyors, so that the roads were well and truly laid

—so well and so truly, indeed, that even at this time of day stretches of Roman street paving in good condition are occasionally unearthed. Stane Street—the stone street then, if you like; but as to the other—for my part I am a Didymus in that matter.

The name Stane Street, it is interesting to note, is used severally of the road from Chichester to London, and of an Essex road, roughly from Colchester, through Braintree and Dunmow to Bishops Stortford. Indeed Stane Street may be said to boast a third entity, for the road from Lympne to Canterbury is called Stone Street, and the difference between "Stane" and "Stone" is not more marked than the famous difference "twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee." It is not surprising, then, to find two Roman roads so far apart as Cheshire and Lincolnshire called King Street, and two roads in Wales, otherwise utterly unrelated to one another, dubbed Sarn Helen. But the most glaring instances of laxity in nomenclature are afforded by those great names Ermine (or Ermin, or Erming) Street and Watling Street. That the road across East Anglia from Colchester to, it is supposed, Holme-next-the-Sea, on the Wash, has been dubbed the Peddars Way is no matter. Nor need one quarrel with one's distant forebears the Saxons and the Danes—to my ears, untutored, Ryknield and Icknield sound Danish, as Watling sounds Saxon—because they named the road from London to Lincoln and thence onward to Winteringham, on the Humber, Ermine Street. For that road, as between London and the Humber, is fit to be treated as one continuous stretch, so well defined are the terminals. More than that, it is not wholly unreasonable that the road which branches from Ermine Street at a point between four and five miles north of Lincoln, thence to journey roughly west and north to Trent at Littleborough, Don at Doncaster and Aire (lately added unto by Calder) at Castleford, near Pontefract.



The grass-grown track of Icknield Street stretches into the distance.

should also be termed Ermine Street, as it is by some authorities. One may be excused, however, if one rubs one's eyes at finding the second half of the length of the Silchester-Speen-Crick-lade-Cirencester-Gloucester road also commonly called Ermine Street; while still more puzzling is it to have the continuation of the other Ermine Street across Durham and onwards into Northumberland, to Hadrian's Wall, regularly spoken of and written of as Watling Street. For utterly disconnected as the Silchester-Gloucester road is with the London-Lincoln-Winteringham road, not less hard to find is a relationship between the Durham and Northumberland Watling Street, so-called, and the great western road of the Romans from London to Wroxeter (*Uriconium*) on a bank of the Severn nigh "proud" Shrewsbury.

But there it is—Watling, whatever its derivation—and of a certainty the name is not Roman—is a very old name as applied to the "street" from London to Wroxeter. It is so used in the Treaty of Wedmore, which King Alfred made with Guthrum, the Dane, in 878, after the English victory at Ethandune, and the name, it is clear, enjoyed a high measure of favour among our ancestors. They christened the road from Canterbury to London Watling Street, as well as the road from Chester to Manchester, a road from Manchester to Ribchester in the Ribble Valley, a road southward along the Welsh Marches from Wroxeter, and others besides. It is interesting to note in this matter of nomenclature that the name Fosse Way is used solely in connection with the road, also great, that the Romans made from Lincoln, through Newark, Leicester, Cirencester, Bath and Ilchester, to the mouth of the Axe, and that that name alone among the names of the Roman roads as we have them smacks of the tongue of the high adventurers who made the roads.

In the *Itinerary*, so far as it relates to Britain, no road is specified by a name. It is conceivable, however, that the Romans, who continued to occupy Britain for a considerable period after the compilation of the *Itinerary*, themselves gave the Fosse Way its name, and it is not unlikely that they also named others of their roads, although such names are unknown to us. Neither Foss (as the name is often spelt) nor Fosse is good Latin, but that does not affect the surmise. Spelling was a go-as-you-please matter in this country until

comparatively recent times, even as to place-names and surnames. Mainwaring, the name of an old Cheshire family, was from time to time spelt with no fewer than sixteen variations, so that the turning of *fossa*, the Latin, into "fosse," as the French turned it, or the dropping of the final vowel is neither here nor there.

But while it seems pretty certain that the Saxons and not unlikely the Danes between them gave our Roman roads the names we know them by, neither of those peoples regarded the "streets" and the "ways" as "eligible building sites." Take the case of the sixteen-mile length of the Fosse Way from Lincoln to Newark—the "Ramper," as it is nowadays locally termed. Within a mile of that road, south-east and north-west of it, there stand seven villages, some if not all of them either Saxon settlements or Danish, whereas on the road itself, except Bracebridge, an extension of Lincoln, and Swallow Beck, a quite modern suburb of Lincoln, there is not one village of any sort, size, or description. Leeming Lane, as the length of Ermine-cum-Watling Street from Boroughbridge to Leeming is called—not locally only, but also by the many who regularly ply by motor car northward-ho! on their way to Scotland by the road that has come to be called the Great North Road—is in like case, and so is the "street" (London to Wroxeter) that you may well choose to regard as the most authentic of the several

Watling Streets. Between Kirkby Hill, on the far edge of Boroughbridge, and Leeming, 15 miles, Leeming Lane is as deserted of villages as though it traversed a morass, and Watling Street, for an even longer stretch, is scarcely less solitary than the road across the Grampians, as you will know if, having driven from Blair Athole to Dalwhinnie, you have also journeyed with the great western road of the Romans (as you may have, quite comfortably too, and withal at fairly high speed) from a point a little under eight miles north of Daventry, on the Holyhead road, to Atherstone. For on that long stretch—the length is roughly the same (23 miles) as the distance from Blair Athole to Dalwhinnie—houses are few indeed and of villages there is deuce a one.

Here there is another nut for Dry-as-Dust to crack, if he can—Why were the Saxons and the Danes so shy of the straight lines of communication that they took over—in not hopelessly bad condition, it may be assumed—from the earlier conquerors of Britain? I confess to occupying a point from which the question might conceivably be argued, but seeing that the question is a scholar's, that I myself am no scholar, and that I am jealous of my own thunder—such as it is—I hesitate, out of fellow-feeling, to steal any other man's. All the same, not the straightness of the Roman road, admirable as it may be in a sense, is the road's most interesting feature. It is the most striking, admitted, and striking too is the forthrightness with which the Roman engineers carried their roads across the tops of the hills instead of along the shoulders. One fancies, however, that any schoolboy who during the late war was of an age to digest the war news—one would envy such a youth his digestion—might explain the latter phenomenon on strategic grounds—how familiar, how trite the terminology!—and as to the straightness, it also, one may venture to suggest, is too striking, altogether too obvious, to be faithfully, downrightly described as interesting. The nomenclature of the roads, on the contrary, because it is haphazard, and also because it is in the nature of a mystery, is above a little interesting; while not less interesting, I may modestly assume, is my explanation of the Saxons' and the Danes' shyness of "street" and "way." Let the dons at their high tables be prepared against the day on which I unfold it.



The Roman Way near Bicester.

WOT A MILESTONE MEANS TER ME.

By A. Hoboe, Knight of the Road.

This being the Milestone Number of "The Motor-Owner," it occurred to us that the point of view of Sir A. Hoboe, Kt. (of The Road)—a man who has really got back to Nature and is consistently living the simple life—might prove interesting. He has kindly dictated the following account of a recent experience.

I WERE a-paddin' the 'oof along the 'ard 'igh road as per usheral one mawnin' abaht eleven wen one 'o them beastly motors wot I'd 'eard 'ootin' fer me ter git outer the wye pulled up 'longside er me, an' the toff at the w'eel—e'd bunged 'is bloomin' shoffure at the back, 'e 'ad—conderscended to address meh! 'Strewf, I fought I should 'a died! 'E wern't 'arf a nib, wiv a winder in 'is heye an' an 'Arrer an' Hoxferd voice!

"Well, my man, and where are you making for so diligently this fine morning?" 'e says.

Mide me feel quite 'orty, so 'e did, an' I 'anded 'im the chilly mit good an' proper.

"I'm afride yer 'ave the edvahntij of meh," I says; "we ain't bin interdooced, 'ave we?"

An' then fer the fust time 'is bird, wot 'adn't tiken no notice of me up ter then, turned an' smiled. Jest for a tick it fair knocked me all of an 'cap, an' I 'adn't the 'eart ter hexplain that I were jest a-killin' time till that blessed institooshun the public—it were the Rose an' Ras'berry wot I were aimin' for—took dahn its shutters. So I jest touched me 'at to 'er an' said nix.

The toff 'e were a bit flummixed, too; I'd kinder caught 'im bendin'. 'E 'ummed an' 'ah-d a bit an' then apolergised:

"Really, don't you know, I beg your pardon, but I thought the freedom, the freemasonry, so to speak, of The Road, would be a sufficient introduction."

Now I 'ain't altergither a mutton-head if me pants *are* baggy at the knees, an' I saw 'is bloomin' lay at once. I put 'im dahn as one o' them poetic johnnies wot perfess ter see beauty in Natcher an' all that sorter tosh. But I didn't know w'ether ter spin 'im the "better days" yarn an' p'raps earn the price of a pint, or ter pertend I were a-footin' it 'cos I liked it. So I 'edged.

"Sa ner fairy Anne," I says, nor-cermittal-like.

"Ah, an old soldier, I see," 'e replies, lookin' at me khaki slacks wot I'd got outer a kit bag at the Puddlecombe rilewye stishun a few nights previous. Still, I'm a bit of a George Washin'ton in me wye, so I only remarks:

"You was in the war too, I expecks, sir?"

"I was, my man," 'e says, "and I can almost sympathise with you in getting next to Nature after all those horrors. You found it difficult to settle down again, didn't you?"

"I couldn't do it, guv'nor," I says. "They don't seem ter want us lads nahr we've fought ahr country's battles fer 'em. An' me nerves was all over the shop——"

"So you are taking a course of treatment from beneficent Mother Nature, what? Well, I don't altogether blame you. But I am rather surprised that a Londoner—you *are* a Londoner, aren't you?"

"Yus, guv'nor, but ain't you quick ter notice fings? I've knowed gents tike me fer a Scotchman before terdye," I says, butterin' 'im up, like.

"Well, yes, I suppose I am. But long spells in the O.P. taught many of us that, don't you think?"

"Sure, boss, an' I often wondered 'ow yer could do it," I replies, reely wonderin' wot on earf the O.P. was. Between me an' you, I were doin' a stretch w'en the age-limit were raised so that I'd 'ave got roped in, and w'en I come aht it were all over. Good job too, I finks to meself, but, lumme, Lord Piffle were off agin:

"I suppose you avoid the towns in the course of your peregrinations——" 'e started, but 'is bird chipped in; I fought she must be gettin' pretty sick of all this tripe:

"Chuck it, Bill," she says, a bit terse—I fought 'is nime would be Clarence or Algernon at least—"chuck it! Speak English!"

She 'ad a pretty voice, sime as wot you'd expeck from sich a pretty fice—only a little bit of a gal she was, but she 'ad 'im taped orl right. 'E wilted.

"S-sorry, Gwladys," 'e stutters. "I was only trying to find out whether this Nature-lover follows any definite plan in his pereg—I mean his wanderings, or if he simply strolls on from milestone to milestone as his fancy dictates."

Natcher-lover!

"Blimey, that's me, mister," I says. I knowed as 'ow I couldn't put it acrost the gal, so I haddressed 'is lordship.

"I'm a blinkin' natcher-lover orl right. I'm up wiv the lark, an' after bithin' me fice in the jew I jest foller me inclernashuns." (Puffickly true that, s'welp me, only 'e didn't know wot me incl—me wot I said jest nahr—was.)

"Praps I tike a fit ter foller the sun on 'is dily rahnd, or if the birds are flyin' sahí awye from ahr inclement climate, I mos' likely toddle after 'em."

Crikey, I fought, I'm a bit of a poet meself, only I was 'arf afride I'd laid it on a bit too fick. But 'e took it in like a kitten tryin' to drahn 'erself in a saucer o' milk.

"Then the milestones mean nothing at all to you?" 'e asts.

"I dunno as they do," I says. "Course, sometimes I 'as ter walk a long wye fer me grub——" But the bird chips in agin:

"Can't you see the man's mental horizon is limited to his physical appetites, Bill?" she says. "Let's go on!"

That's done it, I finks; 'owever, I 'ad anuvver try fer the price of one.

"May you never know wot it is ter want a meal, Miss," I says, pitiful-like, "or 'ave ter lay dahn in a ditch firsty 'cos yer too weary ter walk anuvver step to a stream fer a drink!"

"Some stream!" she remarks sarkily. "But you'll do! Give him a shilling before we go, Bill."

W'ich 'e done; an' if I *did* over'er 'er sye as they drove off:

"He'll only spend it in the next public house, but never mind!" Well, I got me bob, an' that's better than a milestone any bloomin' dye.

R. W. B.

EACH IN HER SPHERE SUPREME.

THE LAMP OF GENIUS.

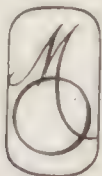
Hiding one's light under a bushel is supposed to be poor policy, but behaviour in this respect is largely a matter of temperament. The Lamp of Genius, anyway, refuses to be hidden, and in the long run the public sees to it that there is a plentiful supply of fuel to keep it burning brightly.



The death of "Sturdee," the famous Hepworth dog actor, has caused considerable grief in the film world. He was Alma Taylor's greatest chum, off as well as on the screen.
(Photo by Compton Collier).

(Left) Miss Maidie Scott and her dogs take a stroll on Magna Charta Island, her home near Staines.

(Right) Miss Isidora Duncan, the famous classical dancer, in characteristic surroundings.



THE CAR AND THE CAMERA.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

Captain Barron thinks with us that the motor-owner who does not regularly carry a camera with him when on tour misses many pleasures. We cannot all sing, paint, or write poetry, he says, but science has given us a wonderful means of expressing whatever artistic sense we may possess.

I THINK the motor-owner who does not carry a camera with him when he is on tour misses many pleasures. Most keen motorists have discovered that the two hobbies run very well together, and whenever one meets a party in the touring season at least one of them usually produces a camera. The custom should be universal.

Having been an enthusiastic amateur photographer from the days before motors were invented, I can look back to the times when I toted cameras of vast tonnage an infinite number of miles. Most cameras were then of the tripod breed, and the users were pedestrians, or tripodestrians, to be exact.

Later, many of us cycled, then motor-tricycled, or quadricycled, and finally drove cars. It was photography that first aroused the *Wanderlust*, and the motor provided the means of satisfying our longings. A few forgot their old hobby when they fell in love with the new, but most found that they could combine them very satisfactorily.

I think that all motorists in course of time acquire an appreciation of scenery. I am quite certain that photography develops the sense of the beautiful in nature very quickly, and this sense when cultivated adds enormously to the pleasures of life. The eyes become trained to see pictures everywhere, to see beauty in the decorative lines of rushes on a river's edge, the glory of a road tunnelled through trees that allow sunbeams to spray through them, the silver sheen on bracken, hills mirrored on a lake, and the broad masses of distant forests that cling like moss to the mountains.

To the trained eye such scenes are joys. He was a great artist who sang: "The world is so full of such wonderful things,

I think we should all be as happy as kings."

We cannot all write poetry (thank Heaven!), and most of us have discovered that the quality of mercy is strained when we try to paint or sing. But science has given us a wonderful

means of developing and expressing whatever artistic sense we may possess.

In the beginning, a motorist usually buys a small pocket camera and uses it to photograph his car from all angles, and his friends from some. Most of the results are fairly satisfactory, for photography has been reduced to such an exact science that the processes are almost automatic. But now and again a real picture is produced by accident. The producer wonders why a certain grouping, or masses of light and shade, are pleasing to the eye, while others are in-harmonious. He begins to look with new interest at the work of other photographers and studies the reproductions he sees in the higher class publications. Gradually he learns to look with quite new feelings at the work of artists with brush and pen. Dimly he is beginning to learn something of the wonderful art of composition. He learns that the grouping of figures, the arrangement of lines and the massing of tones are not accidental, but are founded on laws as well known to artists as are principles of musical composition.

From this elementary stage it is probable that his education will proceed throughout his lifetime. Wherever he goes on his motoring travels his trained eyes will see beauties that were once unrecognised. The curve of a river, ridges of pines, mountains etched against clouds at sunset, are no longer merely natural objects, but pictures, harmonies of lines and masses that produce emotions akin to those aroused by music.

Those who do not yet understand imagine that a photographer cannot actually "produce" a picture. They argue that he can only accept what is given to him. This is far from true. Many a photographic picture has been *imagined* by the artist long before he found the means of producing it. If I may give an example from my own experience, I may say that some years ago, when touring in Switzerland, I desired greatly to represent pictorially

that wonderful sense of sun-soaked silence and solitude that always remains as one's most vivid recollection of the high Alps. I had the picture in my mind for weeks before I found it. There was to be a solitary pine, a rugged foreground sufficiently dark to contrast sharply with the white billows of the ranges and so indicate the vast distances that lay between. I even sketched it crudely, and at last I found the elements of the picture almost exactly as I had imagined them.

Every photographer who poses a figure in a landscape makes a picture that did not exist until he had first imagined it.

I have always claimed, therefore, that photography may be elevated to the status of an art. There was a time many years ago, when the technical difficulties were so considerable that they chiefly occupied the minds of the exponents. Those times have long since passed. The mere production of a photograph is now practically mechanical, and the present-day user of a camera can devote his entire thoughts to work that has a genuine pictorial value.

Some of the older school of photographers may scoff, but I say in all seriousness that I have known camera users who do not trouble to carry out the chemical processes themselves, because they regard them as requiring no special ability. They devote themselves entirely to the art of picture making.

I cannot quite agree with their view, because I know that the best work may be spoiled by unsympathetic development and printing. I merely say that work of really high quality may be produced to-day by folk who have cultivated the art sense but who have no technical knowledge whatever.

There is a superstition among motorists—it is nothing more—that only film cameras are suitable for the long distance tourist. The objection that vibration produces dust spots on negatives is also a myth.

OF INTEREST TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MOTORIST.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

The results of our June Photographic Competition are published below, together with the three principal prize-winning pictures. The three prizes awarded each month are accessories, to be selected by the winners, to the respective values of five guineas, three guineas and one guinea. Six consolation prizes also are awarded.



First Prize: "Engleberg," by Mr. J. H. Jay, Kensington; selected for its technical excellence and effective composition.



Second Prize: "Study of a Church," by Mr. Alan Frazer, Hampstead. another picture of great technical merit.

Third Prize (Below): "Up River," by Miss Muriel Edgar, Edinburgh.

THE three prize-winning pictures in THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition for June are reproduced on this page, the names and addresses of the winners being as follows:—

First Prize:—Mr. J. H. JAY, 2, Exmoor Street, North Kensington.

Second Prize:—Mr. ALAN FRAZER, 31, Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.

Third Prize:—Miss MURIEL EDGAR, 7, Melgund Terrace, Edinburgh.

As was to be anticipated with the improvement in photographic conditions as the year advances, entries for this month's competition were strikingly better than in the previous month; the all-round average quality of the prints submitted was much higher. We would draw particular attention to "Engleberg," to which the first prize is awarded. From every



point of view—both photographic and artistic—the picture is as near perfection as one could humanly desire.

Six consolation prizes, which we are unfortunately unable to reproduce from considerations of space, have been awarded to the following:—

Mr. H. CALKIN, Upland Road, East Dulwich.

Mr. W. J. B. CRUNDELL, The Avenue, Amersham.

Mr. E. A. BARKER, Hawkcliffe, Steeton, Yorks.

Lieut. F. D. MORRIS, R.N., H.M.S. *Lowestoft*, Simonstown, S. Africa.

Mr. H. GAYTON, Kenilworth Road, Southampton.

Mrs. STRINGFELLOW, Chestnut Avenue, Walthamstow.

THE MOTOR-OWNER Photographic Competition is held each month.

AN EARLY MOTORING MILESTONE.

It seems difficult to believe that so recently as 1900 a one-thousand-miles motoring trial was a matter of great difficulty for any car and of impossibility for some. In view of the fact that the 21st anniversary has been celebrated this year, the following reminiscences are interesting.

IS it to be wondered at that the survivors of the Thousand Miles Trial of 1900 should have gathered at the R.A.C. on May 12th to celebrate the 21st anniversary of that ever-memorable event? As one who went through it from start to finish, and who has also witnessed countless races and trials during the past two decades, I am bound to say that nothing in the whole history of motoring has equalled it in adventurous interest or romance, and I for one am prouder of having been a participant in that pioneer undertaking than of anything I have ever since accomplished.

As only a small percentage of present-day motorists were driving cars in 1900, and quite an appreciable

number of the car-owners of to-day do not even know that the Thousand Miles Trial was ever held, it may be as well to recount the more salient of its features and also to picture the circumstances of the time.

When the year 1900 opened, the total number of cars in this country barely ran into hundreds. The public had become accustomed to their occasional presence on the roads, but the attitude of the average man towards them was one either of active hostility or of derision. He never spoke of a motor-car without using the word "breakdown," and even motorists themselves did not introduce the Reliability Trial as an institution until a later period.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the community at large when the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland announced its intention of holding a trial of a thousand miles! "Cheek, I call it!" was probably the ejaculation of the man in the street who doubted the ability of any car in the world to travel a hundred miles under its own power. Yet the scheme of the Trial was for a three weeks' tour through England and Scotland, with eleven days of actual travelling, seven whole-day exhibitions in large towns, and a couple of Sundays off.

No fewer than 83 vehicles, none the less, were entered for the contest, and of these 65 actually started from Hyde Park Corner at 7 a.m. on



1901.

*In 1901
We'd often come
A cropper—thus*

*A bearing burnt—
And yet we learnt
To love the 'bus.*

*A slipping clutch—
The gears "in Dutch"
No offered aid
Could help us much
Ah! what a fuss.*

HAPS AND MISHAPS.

April 23rd, 1900. They were divided into two sections—manufacturers' and private owners—with subdivisions according to price. In neither section was there anything bigger than 12 h.p., and, as a matter of fact, the Hon. C. S. Rolls's 12 h.p. Panhard and the several 12 h.p. Daimlers were looked upon as veritable monsters at the time.

Various weaklings were weeded out on the very first day, and almost it seemed as though the affair might resolve itself into a Grand National post. The fact remains, nevertheless, that from Bristol onwards the failures grew fewer and fewer instead of increasing, and, astonishing though it may sound, and in view of the state of mechanical development in 1900, no fewer than fifty vehicles out of the original sixty-five returned to London after completing the whole course of 1,000 miles. Twelve vehicles earned the distinction of having maintained the legal limit of speed throughout.

As the Trial was not a race, the opportunities for the display of speed were confined to the timed tests on certain hills and over the measured mile in Welbeck Park. Up Shap Fell

Mr. Rolls's Panhard did 13.29 miles per hour and 17.06 m.p.h. up Dunmail Raise. As there were no standards of comparison in those days these figures did not convey much, but the same remark could hardly be applied to Mr. Rolls's thrilling mile at Welbeck, when he attained a speed of 42½ m.p.h. Quite small cars can do that nowadays, but in 1900 it was "something to write home about."

Adventures were many and various. Sir Hercules Langrishe skidded across Broad Street, Birmingham, and nearly went through a plate-glass window. Mr. J. W. Siddely collided with a horse on the west bank of Thirlmere. On Dunmail Raise Mr. S. F. Edge, on the pioneer Napier, started backwards and, having shed his passengers, steered the car with turned head all the way to the foot of the hill, for brakes in those days would only operate in one direction, and if the sprag did not bite the force of gravity was all-powerful. On the "Cat and Fiddle" road between Buxton and Manchester Mr. Rolls jerked his mechanic off the car at a sharp corner, and on another occasion the car was on fire. Mr. J. A. Holder, outside Durham, was backed into by a coal

cart and a bad smash was narrowly averted.

All the same, of serious accidents there were none, while the number of pronounced successes in the way of performance was extraordinary. And most remarkable of all was the resourcefulness of the drivers in coping with mishaps when they did occur. One authenticated feat stands out for all time, and has never been surpassed from that day to this for originality and daring. Owing to a broken steering column Mr. Montague Grahame-White drove his car from 14 miles north of Alnwick to Newcastle, a distance of 52 miles, by his feet! He stood with one foot on the step and the other on the hub of the off-side front wheel, and guided the car by pressure; what is more, he completed the day's run of 121½ miles within the scheduled time.

Of humorous happenings, of course, their name was legion, and the yarns that were told each evening would fill a book. One incident that might have been more tragic than comic may be recalled here. Mr. R. E. Phillips dropped a lamp from his little Mors. A native picked it up and, as he thought, threw it back to the owner, who, however, was by that time on



1921.

The engine sings
We soar on wings
The "pick-up's" fine.

The day is spent,
The joy content,
No mishaps have
—our spirits rent
We're home on time

To-day we can
Quite safely plan
Route Forty-nine.

THE FOUNDATION OF REPUTATIONS.

the way to the next control. In point of fact the lamp hurtled through the air towards the car of the Hon. John Scott Montagu, now Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and thanks to his quickness of hand and eye he "fielded" the missile. One learned, by the way, on this Trial, and still more effectually in subsequent Reliability Trials, that even a bouquet of flowers, if received unexpectedly in the face, was quite a formidable projectile; but had Mr. Montagu been unable to catch the lamp referred to the world of motoring might have been untimely robbed of one of its brightest ornaments.

Many other things that are now accepted commonplaces were learned during the tour, and one was the behaviour of a detached tyre. Dr. Lehweß shed a tyre at the top of Box Hill, outside Bath, and it bounded after the car, and apparently of its own volition chased the vehicle down the long descent in a way that, at the time seemed little short of the miraculous.

An incident which proved very diverting to those who witnessed it was Mr. Rolls's race with a North-Eastern express. Amid the intense

excitement of the passengers he kept neck and neck for three miles; the train then dived into a tunnel, but when it emerged the car was well ahead.

To motorists themselves the chief thing which the Trial taught was the necessity for devising a better means of water circulation; indeed, some of them dubbed the event a "Pump Trial." Tube ignition, also, which was mainly in use on the competing cars, received its death-blow. The superiority of the pneumatic tyre over the solid was amply demonstrated, but it was not until some years later that the British-made article became equal to its foreign prototypes.

As regards the British motoring industry, it may almost be said to have been put on its legs by the Trial of 1900, and particularly satisfactory was the *début* made by the 6 h.p. "Parisian" Daimler, of which there were several examples among the competing cars. The reputation of the Wolseley and Lanchester may also be said to have been founded by this historical event.

Almost everywhere the competitors were received with acclaim, and particularly in the north, where the

roads were frequently lined with cheering children given a holiday for the occasion. The one-day exhibitions in the large towns were educationally valuable, and the general impression left upon the public mind when the Trial was over was highly favourable. It remained for the police, egged on by prejudiced and interested parties, to open up a campaign of senseless persecution which led to the passing of the Motor Car Act of 1903.

Whereas the ordinary citizen had previously regarded motor-cars as "kittle cattle," the Trial opened his eyes to its great possibilities as a means of adding to the sum of human convenience. Then almost in a flash he was induced by the police to believe that the motor-car was only too efficient, and instead of motoring and "breakdowns" being synonymous terms the car was hardly ever referred to without the prefix "dangerous." The extent to which that idea has been perpetuated is within the knowledge of even late comers into the field. But at least those who took part in the 1900 Trial may pride themselves on the fact that they proved the automobile to be a practicable vehicle.



ALL-WEATHER COACHWORK OF TO-DAY.

In nothing has more marked development taken place than in coachwork during the twenty-one years since the 1,000 Miles Trial. Who, in 1900, would have dreamt of the possibility of obtaining the complete comfort and protection from the weather provided by this Eclipse All-Weather body, built by Messrs. W. H. Arnold on an Armstrong-Siddeley chassis?

MILESTONES WHICH HAVE MARKED PROGRESS.

THE MILESTONES OF THE A.A.

By Stenson Cooke.

The history of the Automobile Association, which Major Stenson Cooke has steered to such splendid success, is very largely the history of motoring, and of all the "milestones" of the A.A. the Guards' "Rush to Hastings" in 1909 is probably the closest connecting link. The value of that enterprise to the movement in general cannot be over-estimated.

"MILESTONES?" Well, the Automobile Association's history is full of them, but I suppose the "Rush to Hastings" in 1909 was the biggest thing we ever did, from the spectacular point of view, anyway. Three hundred and sixty-seven members promised to turn up with their cars to transport a battalion of Guards at war strength from London to Hastings, as a demonstration of the military value of the motor-car in case of invasion and the paralysis of ordinary means of transport. Three hundred and sixty-seven promised—and three hundred and sixty-five turned up!

The original idea was the delivery of the morning issue of *The Times* by means of members and their cars, simply to show the value of the automobile in the event of a railway strike. It was felt, however, that something more spectacular was needed, and the actual military demonstration developed from this germ. We were sadly afraid that we should not have enough cars for our purpose, and had devised an elaborate scheme to meet such an emergency. As a matter of fact everything went very smoothly. We had to do a little transhipping, of course, for it was comparatively early days, and even to-day mechanical breakdowns are not unknown, but there was no serious hitch, and even the weather, which was vile both before and after the "stunt," cleared up for us.

Another "milestone" was the institution of our Free Legal Defence scheme. It was obviously a splendid thing from the members' point of view, but we had not the faintest notion of what it was

going to cost—nobody knew, in fact, whether it would ruin us or otherwise.

No, it hasn't. I think I may say, without exceeding the limits of modesty, that no finer scheme was ever instituted, and although the A.A. is not alone now in providing this benefit for its members—well, imitation is still the sincerest form of flattery, isn't it? And there is nothing new under the sun, so probably the Gladiators' Union of Ancient Rome had something of the same sort.

A "milestone" which we would have reached five years sooner but for the war was the attainment of one hundred thousand members. We were all very keen on this in 1914, and had reached 92,000 at the outbreak of war. Needless to say, the total went back rather severely; in fact, when the Armistice was signed our membership was only 33,000. Another 86,000 members joined by February, 1920, however, so that we did not delay long in reaching our hundred thousand milestone when the war was really over.

Although the crisis had quite a serious effect upon the progress of the

Association, it is a rather curious fact that in its whole history—including the war period, of course—there is only one week in which not one single new member joined. This was a week or so before the Armistice. Now and again before that they came in by ones and twos only, but that week there was not a solitary one. That is a milestone in its way, although not one that I care to dwell on.

The question of village signs is very much to the fore, so it is not too much to reckon as a milestone in the history of the A.A. the fact that the first village sign put up anywhere by any organisation was the one erected by us at Hatfield. This is now going to be a national work, and a very necessary one too.

Referring back to the "Rush to Hastings," there is little doubt that our own military authorities were impressed with the value of the automobile in its various forms, and that our demonstration had considerable effect upon the conduct of the war when it came, but I must confess I was astonished at the amount of attention it created in Germany. The event

was very fully reported in the German press, and our maps, showing lines of communication and the position of the imaginary invading forces, were widely reproduced, the inscriptions being translated into German, of course.

One more milestone in the A.A.'s history which I think I may mention was the establishment of the Motor Legislation Committee, towards the running of which we guaranteed £5,000 per annum. I need not go into details as to the useful work performed by that Committee.



Major Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the A.A.

IF YOU MUST SPEED, DO SO WITH CARE.

H A S T E N S L O W L Y .

Speeding, in itself, is not dangerous—it is the contributory factors. There is a ten mile stretch southward from Thetford where even the 450 h.p. Sunbeam might be “let out,” but such lengths of safe speed-road are unusual in this country; so it behoves one to keep an eye on the landscape and a thought on the retarding power of the brakes.

HIGH speed is thrilling; it is also dangerous and expensive. The quicker you travel the slower (in terms of space) you stop. If you can pull up in one yard at two miles an hour you may find you want as much room as will lead to your grave when you are “letting her out.”

A car doing 10 m.p.h. will require 9 ft. to stop in.

A car doing 20 m.p.h. will require 37 ft. to stop in.

A car doing 30 m.p.h. will require 83 ft. to stop in.

A car doing 40 m.p.h. will require 148 ft. to stop in.

A car doing 50 m.p.h. will require 231 ft. to stop in.

A car doing 60 m.p.h. will require 360 ft. to stop in.

The table above assumes, of course, that your brakes and the road are in good condition.

Did you ever think of it in just that way before? Twenty-five miles per hour would appear a safe speed with the car well under control.

It is worth impressing on one's mind that it takes 173 ft. to slow a car travelling 50 miles per hour down to 25 miles per hour. In other words, one has less than half a minute in which to act and do the right thing.

Remember, too, that if you wish to

actually stop—in the orthodox way, of course—you will want a further 58 ft. to do it in.

This article does not purpose to discuss the rights or wrongs of speeding. There are times, no doubt, when high speed is necessary, such as an urgent call for a doctor. Whatever the mission be, however, the driver's motto should be, “Play for safety.”

One cannot help noticing great differences in the way various drivers speed, and classifying them into “experts” and others.

Have you ever driven with an expert? What did *he* do?

Did he travel on a long, straight road at 55 m.p.h. and continue over that bridge hillock at the same speed?

He did not.

No! he knew of the many problems that might await his solution on the other side of that bridge—a car on its wrong side, a car backing to turn and now broadside on the road, a flock of sheep.

He slowed down, therefore, to a safe speed of between 25 and 30 miles per hour.

Every motorist should be a pessimist and possess imagination. To depress the accelerator and travel at 50 miles per hour is the easiest thing in the world to do.

To foresee trouble and to avoid it

when face to face with it are totally different things.

It is well to establish in one's mind 200 ft. ahead, and persistently measure it off when travelling. If you cannot see the 200th foot and are travelling over 25 to 30 miles per hour, slow down until that point is passed.

Many other factors enter into high speed driving—the state of the road, for example. A bad bump may easily throw you a foot or two out of the straight in the short space of a second. Care should therefore be taken to slow down when passing other cars.

Much care should be exercised when travelling on strange roads. Crossings are not always easily seen. That fact, however, does not stop a man suddenly darting across your road. Beware also of bends—taking an apparently easy bend at 50 miles per hour to find that it ends sharply is fatal. Don't think that ditches, telegraph poles and tree-trunks will have no connection with you—that it is only the other chaps that get let in for such luck.

If you must speed—speed with care. Never speed on poor tyres—a “blow-out” on the front wheel is likely to place the car out of control and into the ditch. See that the brakes are good, steering firm and well oiled, and last, but not least, that you have a good horn and make good use of it.





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T H E S U N B E A M S I X T E E N .

Half an hour on a 16 h.p. Sunbeam is calculated to introduce even to a brutal driver the elements of decency in regard to the treatment of a car. The vehicle is so gentle and yet so responsive to every wish that bad driving becomes an outrage.

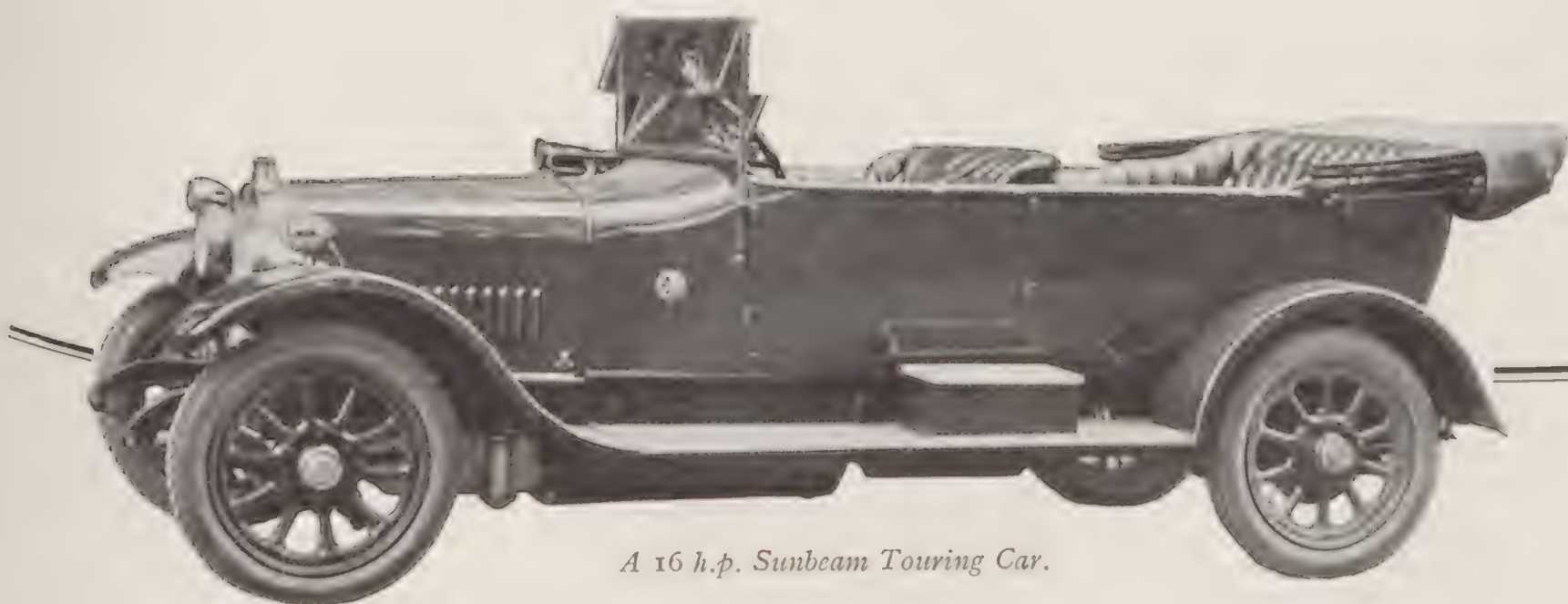
IT is difficult to classify one's impressions in regard to the 16 h.p. Sunbeam, for the car is so nearly perfect of her type that there are few outstanding features upon which to base criticism. One would say, however, that even a bad driver would not have the heart to treat the car anything but gently. She is so gentle herself and withal so responsive, that a noisy gear-change, from being merely carelessness in the case of most cars, becomes nearly a crime on the Sunbeam. There is a daintiness about the running of the car and all the operations required to control it that encourages care; and care in the handling of the car itself almost necessarily carries with it careful road behaviour. The Sunbeam, therefore, is a good car from every point of view. It is a car that would earn for motorists a good name and from motorists nothing but praise. Everything being done slowly—gear

changing, application of the brakes, use of the accelerator, all are gentle, deliberate motions—the Sunbeam is not a car to fluster the novice, in itself a good point, and it is essentially a vehicle for the lady owner-driver.

Sixteen horse-power is not a great deal, although we are now accustomed to the remarkable capabilities of much smaller engines, but the Sunbeam, with its roomy and comfortable body and the generosity of its lines and luggage-carrying accommodation, is a thoroughly good all-round car capable of touring with a full load in difficult districts, or equally useful for mere shopping expeditions. For the former just that little touch of skill is required to obtain the best results that makes driving worth while, while in the traffic the car is, as we have said, so easily controllable and so responsive that miles of traffic can be negotiated with a minimum of effort. Traffic is the terror of the novice, very often;

but, after all, much lies with the car. A fierce clutch, uncertain brakes or steering, or a "woolley" engine are not only nuisances and fatiguing, but they make traffic driving somewhat unsafe. It is just in points such as these that the Sunbeam scores. The engine is quiet and vibrationless but astonishingly lively, and the various controls are exactly as one would wish them to be. Their use is therefore largely automatic; in fact conscious effort of any kind is not required after the first few minutes, when one has become accustomed to the position of the various levers and pedals.

Of the many cars that we have tested, we have, naturally, one or two favourites—cars that we regret having to return to the makers when the test is over—and the 16 h.p. Sunbeam is certainly one of the foremost of them. We do not know, in fact, of any car of the same type that we like better.



A 16 h.p. Sunbeam Touring Car.

A WORD ABOUT BENZOLE.

By Capt. E. de Normanville.

The great problem of alternative motor fuels, with particular reference to National benzole, is one which affects the general welfare of the country. Circumstances generally are infinitely better than in pre-war days; but the Government has not adequately supported the development of the industry.

LARGELY owing to the lack of foresight on the part of the Government the production of benzole has decreased since the armistice instead of increasing. I am, of course, taking no cognisance of temporary adverse factors such as coal strikes and industrial depression, all of which must necessarily have an ill effect on the production of this British fuel. What I do say, however, is that the Government has failed to serve the best interests of the country by inadequately supporting the development of this industry. The development I believe to lie in the lap of the future will be due solely to the activity of keen business men and will be despite official ineptitude.

SOURCES OF PRODUCTION.

It is well, therefore, that we should have a general insight of the problem, and the first requisite in that direction is an outline appreciation of the way in which this fuel is produced. It is closely allied to our great coal industry and is in fact entirely dependent on it. Benzole can be produced in several different ways. For the moment, however, we are concerned only with those which can be practised as commercial propositions. In this connection there are three methods of production which I will group in their importance from the output standpoint. They are (a) from coke ovens; (b) from "scrubbing" or "washing" ordinary town gas; and (c) from the distillation of coal tar. Considerable development is possible in relation to all these three methods, more particularly the first two. The production from gasworks has decreased badly since the armistice, though, on the other hand, the output in the United States from this source is going forward by leaps and bounds. There is a general similarity in the principle of production and distillation, and even if space permitted you would probably not be interested in too many technical details. I will therefore endeavour to run through



A bird's-eye view of the colliery.

the production method practised with coke oven plants, and keep as far away from technicalities as may be possible.

Had there been no coal strike and no trade depression there would at present be more than one hundred firms in this country operating benzole by-product plants in conjunction with coke ovens. The largest number are in Durham and Yorkshire, and, roughly speaking, such plants naturally follow the centres of the coal industry. One prime fact which the reader must absorb is that benzole is only a by-product from coke oven operation. For the production of steel, what we term metallurgical coke is requisite. When trade is good the demand for steel is good. When the demand for the latter is insistent a keen demand for metallurgical coke is a necessary corollary. When considerable quantities of metallurgical coke are being produced the output of benzole goes merrily along in the same strain.

To emphasise the dependence of benzole production on the demand for metallurgical coke, I may point out that when treating a ton of coal the average yield of benzole is not often in excess of $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. When you buy a tin of National benzole a ton of coal has been turned into metallurgical coke (and other by-products) in order to produce your fuel.

HOW IT IS MADE.

We must now run down to the Black Country in imagination and briefly follow the series of operations through which we obtain our benzole. When the coal is brought to the surface it is first of all crushed and washed and then fed mechanically into a large iron mould which is of the same shape as the coke ovens. This small coal is then turned into a huge briquette which sometimes weighs as much as ten tons. To do this, power-operated mauls (or beetles, as they are sometimes called) are employed. You have probably seen a road mender tamping down a patch with a heavy maul which he operates by muscular effort. Imagine huge mauls operated on the same principle by loud clanking machinery, and you have got the general idea of how these huge briquettes are made. We now have a huge cake of compressed coal dust lying in a mould. Mechanical power is obviously again necessary to move this great mass, and it is now pushed under power to the coke oven, which is heated to a high temperature. As it is pushed in, the instantaneous partial combustion produces a huge mass of flames and smoke which constitute a very impressive sight. The oven is now sealed up and our huge cake of coal remains "stewing" in that fiery furnace for something between twenty and thirty-six hours according to circumstances.

You have often heard the phrase "the carbonisation of coal." Well, that is precisely where we have now got to. That cake of coal in the fiery furnace is being carbonised. During

HOW BENZOLE IS MADE



The gas cooling and washing plant.

the process many volatile products are obtained, ranging from ordinary coal gas to tar. After the necessary period the cake is pushed out into a "quencher," and water is sprayed on it. If you are sufficiently imaginative you will be able to picture the terrible hissing noise and the huge clouds of steam. What you now have left is a high grade metallurgical coke. And that briefly, and in simple language, is the story of the carbonisation of coal.

THE NEXT STAGE.

Unfortunately however, for your patience, that is only one step. You will remember that whilst our coal cake was "stewing" we were obtaining a long range of volatile products ranging from ordinary coal gas to tar. These products are first of all led away to be cooled and in due course are passed on to the benzole scrubbing plant. These have wooded hurdles inside which ensure the uniform distribution of the oil which is used for washing purposes. The oil is led in from the top and the benzole gases pass upwards against the stream, thus getting "washed." The arrangement ensures intimate contact between the benzole gases as they pass upward and the oil as it comes down. This oil is used over and over again, being first distilled, so that the benzole is removed, and then after cooling, it is ready for work again.

We now have what we term crude

benzole, and from the view-point of its possible use as a motor fuel it is certainly much too crude. In this state, therefore, it is passed on to stills and the different fractions are distilled over. These fractions have again to be washed to remove various objectionable constituents, and then the product, which is thus gradually becoming refined, is once again distilled. These latter processes are what we term "rectification," a phrase with which you are also probably familiar. Though it sounds technical, the process which it involves is really only the literal meaning of the word, namely putting right.

OTHER VALUABLE PRODUCTS.

It is not practicable in a short article to explain in detail all the processes which I have indicated above. It is, however, advisable to add that other valuable products are obtained at the same time. The following statistics give you a good indication of the more important, and they are taken from official records for the year 1918:

Tons of coal carbonised	14,635,403
Gallons of crude 65s benzole produced ..	32,162,598
Gallons per ton of coal (average)	2.18
Tons of coke produced ..	10,552,648
Gallons of tar produced	102,781,690
Tons of sulphate of ammonia produced ..	134,357
Tons of concentrated ammonia (25%) produced	23,899

In addition to this a huge quantity of coal gas would be produced, which need not be calculated in detail, but would probably approach something like 200,000,000,000 cubic feet! The



The by-products plant.

tar produced provides heavy fuel oils for naval or commercial use, and also benzole naphtha, carbolic acid, anthracene, creosote and pitch. The sulphate is an excellent fertiliser for the land and is of considerable value to our agricultural interests.

IN CONCLUSION.

When I urge you to bear these facts in mind and take a more practical interest in the problem of benzole supplies you will appreciate that there is adequate justification for the request. The industry is part and parcel of British industrial activity. The fuel has been proved of exceptional quality on extended tests by both the A.A. and the R.A.C. Beyond that, of course, it now has the approval of motorists in general, and personally I am never without some in my tank. In addition to taking this practical interest in the problem, we have to look to the future. There are enormous possibilities of development, and ultimately I look forward to the day when the vast bulk of coal will be carbonised before it is used. Our annual coal consumption in an industrial year exceeds 210 million tons. Every ton that is used in the state in which it is mined represents the waste of the valuable by-products tabulated above. Yet at the present time only 14 per cent. of that huge annual output is distilled, or carbonised. It is in this direction that we must all be ever on the alert to assist development.



Driving in the rain is robbed of its terrors by a Mills screen cleaner, easily operated by the driver. It is made to fit all screens.

THE COVENTRY AND WARWICKSHIRE CLUB.

The Coventry and Warwickshire Automobile club, which from comparatively humble beginnings has developed into one of the most successful organisations in the country, has had an interesting career, and a few of the leading points in its history are given in the course of the following article.

THE history of some of the successful automobile organisations about the country is of some considerable interest as illustrating the gradual development of the motoring movement and the increasing ambition of the individual motorist. The car-owner of to-day, of course, is more or less a ready-made product; he starts with a 50 h.p. six-cylinder car and a chauffeur. But in pioneer days his motoring origin was, perhaps, with a 2½ h.p. motor cycle. Soon he wished to add a trailer or a side-car, and the bike proved unsuitable; he had to have a twin and a variable speed gear. Then he heard of a small car going cheap—and bought it. From the "one-lunger" he graduated through the stages until now he is quite at home on anything, anywhere and anywhen.

This, in effect, is the history of the Coventry and Warwickshire Club, to take a bright example. This is now one of the most successful organisations in the country, but it began, in 1904, as a purely motor cycling club with the majority, if not all, of its members connected with the trade, and consequently—at that date—of a great practical keenness. For two years the Coventry Motor Cycle Club steadily gained in prosperity and popularity, until at the end of that period it was found desirable to extend its scope to include car members, and the title was changed by the deletion of the word "cycle."

That first year of the more important Club was a fortunate one, for in winning the first team competition promoted by the Motor Cycling Club and in organising an open hill-climb at Newnham, it came into considerable prominence. Success was finally assured in the June of the following year by a gymkhana, the most important result of which was that the Club was provided with a substantial bank balance. It is not necessary to detail all the enjoyable events promoted during the following years—the title of the Club, by the way, was soon



Mr. Victor Holroyd, a Vice-President, admires the 10 h.p. Humber.

further extended to include the county of Warwick as well as the city of Coventry—but mention must be made of one series of events of which later national happenings proved the value. These were the Military Motor Reconnaissances, in which cars were used for scouting purposes and motor cycles for despatch carrying. The value of the demonstration was undoubtedly recognised to a certain extent at the time, but the members who took part in the last event, run in conjunction with the Midland Territorials, did not realise that their experience was to be put to practical use in a few years.

The year 1913 was an active and successful one. That season saw the introduction by the Club of stopping and re-starting tests, an innovation which has been widely followed.

For everyone 1914 was a momentous year, and when the war broke out the Club immediately turned its

attention to matters which might be of service to the community. A Rifle Section was instituted and map-reading competitions were arranged. Many members joined the Army and other services, and, needless to say, a number served with distinction.

As the situation grew more and more serious and the ranks of the Club considerably thinned, it was decided to suspend further activities until the termination of hostilities.

The Club is proud, and rightly, of its success from a sporting point of view, and particularly of the teamwork of its members. In the Inter-Club Championship of 1910, for example, the Coventry Club's team created a record by finishing on three occasions without a stop, thus earning the title to the Championship.

It was inevitable that the war should have materially interfered with the Club's development, but a brilliant recovery has been made, and with a membership in the region of two hundred and a most satisfactory bank balance it is not to be wondered at that a very full programme has been arranged for the coming season. Some of the events still to be held include a twenty-four hours reliability trial to Torquay and back on June 4th, the M.C.C. Team Trial on the 25th, another reliability trial on July 2nd for a silver trophy presented by Lieut.-Col. J. A. Cole, President of the Club and Managing Director of Humber, Ltd., the International Trial at Geneva from August 1st to 6th, and a speed judging contest in conjunction with the closing run on October 15th.

It is scarcely necessary to say that although the Club is ideally situated in the heart of the British motor industrial district, the major portion of its success is due to the wholehearted enthusiasm of its honorary officials. The first president was Col. Wyley, V.D.; Mr. V. A. Holroyd was chairman and Messrs. W. Grew, and E. J. Hardy were respectively hon. secretary and hon. treasurer. In 1906, Mr. Eric Walford took over the

UNITY IS STRENGTH.



Mr. Roberts, Chairman of Committee, at the wheel of his Morris-Oxford.

Mr. John Pugh, of Rudge Whitworth, who is an active Vice-President of the Club.

secretaryship, relinquishing it only at the last annual general meeting, the present hon. secretary being Mr. Geoffrey Smith. Col. Wyley left for Australia in 1909, and Mr. John V. Pugh was elected president in his place, while later in the same year Mr. Arthur Wright accepted the duties of treasurer. It is interesting to note in this connection that the value of the work of the Club's pioneers did not go unrecognised, for some years ago—more years ago now than one likes to think!—Mr. Walford was presented with a gold watch, Mr. Hardy with a silver tray, and Mr. Holroyd with the R.A.C. Associate's medal, the last-named "in recognition of six years' hard work as chairman."

The Coventry and Warwickshire Motor Club is, of course, affiliated to the Royal Automobile Club, and members automatically become entitled to the various advantages—such as free legal defence, assistance in case of breakdown, and indemnification in the event of the hiring of a car becoming necessary; touring assistance, whether at home or on the Continent, a special insurance policy and expert advice on the sale or purchase of a car.

The R.A.C.'s scheme of association is too well known to need elaboration here, but a point which strikes us in regard to its application to a provincial club member visiting London, where he is possibly a friendless stranger, is that the certainty of a welcome in Pall

Mall, where a room and all necessary facilities are provided at the Royal Automobile Club, largely removes the feeling of strangeness.

It would be interesting to discover the total number of club members, as compared with the total number of motorists. One has a feeling that a great number of people do not properly appreciate the advantages of joining their local organisation, but when the history of so energetic a club as that with which we are dealing is considered the benefit, not only to the individual motorist but to the movement as a whole, must be obvious. It can be summed up in three words: Unity is strength. It is up to the strong to assist the weak even though there be no immediate personal advantage in it.

The old cross by the roadside between Penzance and Land's End, which is a familiar landmark to all who have travelled



that way.

A B L E S S E D S P O T .

By C. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S.

"There have been those who have declared that to stand above the Greek Theatre at Taormina and to gaze upon the combination of antiquity with the blue sea and the glorious Etna in the background is to look upon the most splendid view in the whole world."

WHERE is the most beautiful place on earth?

Southey said of Cintra, in Portugal, that it was "the most blessed spot on the habitable globe." I do not know whether he had ever been out of Europe, nor, as one who certainly suffers from that limitation, do I care to dogmatise about countries I have never seen; but until recently I should have endorsed the poet's view, always with the reservation, of course, that Alpine scenery was a thing apart and did not enter into the comparison.

Since I saw Cintra, however, I have seen Taormina, and it has recalled Southey's phrase to mind. Now beauty is so notoriously in the eye of the beholder that, even if I were to say that Taormina eclipsed Cintra itself, I should only be voicing a personal opinion; but I am even undecided as to whether, as an individual, I can regard either place as superior to the other.

What I can say, nevertheless, with the fullest emphasis, is that Taormina is truly a "blessed spot," and for inherent charm I would return to it again before I would revisit Cintra. And even where landscape beauty is concerned, there have been those who have declared that to stand above the Greek Theatre at Taormina, and to gaze upon the combination of antiquity with the blue sea and the glorious Etna in the background, is to look upon the most splendid view in the whole world.

This much I have said merely in justification of the contention that it is in every way worth while to take one's car to Sicily, if one has already penetrated as far south as Naples. From there one may ship directly to Palermo, or one may even drive still further southwards down to Reggio and cross the Straits to Messina. In either case one is confronted with a wonderful scene on arrival. The Bay of Palermo is more striking in some respects even than that of Naples, while though the town of Messina has



The gateway of the Palazzo Carvaia.

still to recover from the effects of the great tragedy of 1908, when nearly 100,000 persons perished by an earthquake, the harbour is uninjured and is of extraordinary beauty.

Taormina is but 54 kilometres by road from Messina. But if one takes a car to Sicily the opportunities for exploration are so wide and varied that it is certainly preferable to ship to Palermo, unless one decides to take in that part of the island on the return journey.

Palermo is a place at which one may stay for the sake of the climate all through the winter or spring, but even the motorist who is touring the country almost independently of weather must give a few days to this delightful spot. The town itself is much handsomer than Naples, and the Corso Victor Emmanuel and the Via Maqueda are two of the finest streets in Europe. With the sea in front and an environment of moun-

tains behind, Palermo is nothing if not picturesque, while it is famed also for its luxuriant gardens. Pre-eminently the place to stay at is the Villa Igica, which stands right over the sea on the north side of the town. Like the Villa d'Este at Cernobbio, on the Lake of Como, it is one of several instances in Italy of the conversion of a palace or other spacious private house into a magnificent hotel.

The chief pride of Palermo is its wonderful cathedral, which has been described as the most wonderful church in Christendom. And scarcely less wonderful is the neighbouring cathedral of Monreale, a little town standing over 1,400 ft. up, but easily reached by car. This church has not only most beautiful cloisters, but is completely lined by mosaics which cover no less than 80,000 square ft.

From Palermo to Messina is 255 kilometres by the northern coast road, passing through Cefalu, where there is yet another mosaic-lined cathedral; and from Messina to Taormina is another 54 kilometres along the east coast. There is also an alternative way of driving to Taormina—namely, by leaving the north coast at S. Stefano and completing the journey by an inland route; in the latter case one is away from the railway all the way from S. Stefano.

Taormina stands over 600 ft. high above the sea, and rail travellers alight at Giardini at the foot of the cliffs. A fine winding road leads up in 5 kilometres to the little town, the situation of which is truly superb. Never have I seen a place at which one could so happily stay for months and months. The climate is conducive enough in itself, while the scenery is glorious and the flora magnificent. But the charm of the place is inexhaustible in every way, and how to define it in words is quite beyond me.

From one long central street branch off innumerable short lanes, and nearly every one of these reveals a beautiful garden or an old-world building of satisfying picturesqueness.

THE MAJESTY OF ETNA.



To the artist the place is a paradise : I spoke to one who had been in Taormina for several months, and he said that every time he went out for a walk he found a fresh subject to paint. One well-known English artist has lived there for years, and not long ago acquired an old convent which he turned into a delightful dwelling place ; I do not think I have ever enjoyed afternoon tea in a more romantic environment, which was none the less impressive although while in Taormina I stayed at the San Domenico Palace Hotel, which is an old monastery with spacious cloisters, colonnades, and long corridors flanked with bedrooms which were once the cells of the monks themselves.

As you walk along the main street almost every shop discloses an attraction of one kind or another and figure-heads that are worthy of the sculptor and the painter alike. In the past countless treasures have been picked up in the shape of cabinets and other articles of furniture, and there are still some finds to be acquired, while another thing to remember is that the inhabitants excel as bootmakers, and it is worth while to order on the spot. Ladies can be fitted with shoes as dainty as any they could buy in Paris or London, and if they are only passing through the town they can count on the goods being posted after them. In shops and everywhere else, by the way,



(Above) A view of Taormina with Etna as an ethereally dominating feature of the landscape.

(Below) Mighty Nature emphasises the insignificance of humanity at Taormina.

one experiences the utmost civility, and in the mayor and mayoress one may meet a refined and educated couple whose urbanity is perfect and who speak English to admiration.

Of course the Greek Theatre is the first thing to be visited among the lions of the place ; it has been aptly described as a "rosy ruin." Though less imposing in size than the one at Syracuse it is remarkable for the state of preservation of the *scena* or stage, and for its entrancing views of the coast, the sea, and of Mount Etna.

For the most expansive views, however, one should ascend the hill that lies behind Taormina and visit the Castel di Mola, or rise higher still to the Mount Venere. Of Etna it may be said that it is the most wonderful mountain in Europe, and majestically as it stands when seen from Taormina, it is even more imposing from the south. But no one can really appreciate its grandeur to the full without coming to nearer quarters, and for this purpose the motor-car is invaluable. Etna only suffers in pictures or to the eye from the fact that its form is unique ; in other words, though it is a cone of no less a height than 10,788 ft., its base covers 460 square miles, and this immense width makes the snow-capped peak look infinitely lower than is actually the case.

I must not forget to add that Taormina is the home of the tarantella, than which there is no native dance

THE INDISPENSABLE CAR.



The beautiful isolation of Isola Bella.

that is more pleasing. Dancing with the Sicilians is a passion, and from the oldest man or woman to the youngest boy or girl every peasant adopts this means of expressing his or her emotions. And until one has seen the tarantella in all its artistic simplicity one does not know what dancing really is.

Taormina has become more or less widely known in the past decade, and has attracted many visitors. To some extent, therefore, it may become sophisticated in time, but is less

endangered in that respect than any other beauty-spot in Europe. Nothing but the crumbling of its old-world buildings and the erection of modern eyesores could destroy its charm, and even then its position would still remain without a rival.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to describe the other and manifold attractions of Sicily, but I may emphasise the fact that by no means can they be visited so conveniently as by a car; in fact it is the only thing worth considering.

The train services are so infrequent that to leave one's base in the morning, whatever it is, and attempt to see any one of the wonders of the island without staying away for the night, is all but impracticable. With a car, on the other hand, one may radiate conveniently in any direction and visit in turn the prodigal array of noble, if ruined, Greek temples at Girgenti, Selinunte and elsewhere, the many charming spots along the coast, and the almost countless attractions of Syracuse.

The " 'Arry and 'Arriet" of this month's cover design have their counterpart in Sicily, where the native cart is sometimes a thing of beauty and always rather wonderful. The "moke's" point of view regarding its funereal trappings might be interesting.





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“Wolseley”

A. J. MCCORMACK, C.B.E.

THE PENALTY OF FAME!

THIS MONTH'S CARTOON.

Mr. A. J. McCormack, C.B.E., Managing Director of Wolseley Motors, Ltd.

IT is a commonplace to say that the man in authority who has been "through the mill" and thoroughly understands all the processes which go to make the complete enterprise is better fitted to carry out his duties than another whose sole claim is, maybe, mere commercial or organising ability. This is an accepted fact, and it was never better exemplified than in the case of Mr. A. J. McCormack, managing director of the Wolseley Company.

Mr. McCormack has been closely associated with the motor industry since the earliest days, but he was originally trained as a machine tool designer, and in that capacity acquired experience which later proved invaluable and has contributed largely to his remarkable manufacturing success. While we are on the subject, it is notable that Mr. McCormack sets great store by road experience as an aid to successful designing. He believes in the manufacturer trying his own cars and, from his own experience as a mere motorist, removing those defects which otherwise would prove a source of trouble to his customers. In parenthesis, we may remark that the thought has often occurred to us when testing cars that the designer cannot possibly have ridden in or driven his creation—but never in regard to the Wolseley, probably for the reason we have stated.

The subject of our cartoon, which, as usual, is published as a full-page supplement to the current issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER, has been the moving spirit of the Wolseley concern for a matter of fourteen years, but prior to that he was managing director of the Clément-Gladiator Company, and earlier still was joint director with Mr.

S. F. Edge of the British Cycle Corporation. This was in 1897, and from the cycling world he automatically graduated, by virtue of his initiative on a 1½ h.p. Something-or-other, into the motoring movement. Mr. McCormack was associated with the Panhard Company in 1900, and acted as mechanic on Charles Jarrott's 70 h.p. Panhard which was victorious in the Ardennes Circuit.

At the Adderley Park works, Mr. McCormack immediately succeeded

Sir Herbert Austin as technical manager, and it is a matter of history that his record is one of ever-increasing success. He has one or two strong beliefs: continuity of policy, for instance, combined, of course, with scientific organisation, he regards as the essential secret of automobile manufacturing. He holds with equal strength the view that ample leisure is necessary to individual efficiency.

Mr. McCormack's personal hobby is motor yachting, a fact which has a commercial bearing in view of the success of Wolseley-engined motor boats—notably Ursula and other Saunders boats. Incidentally, Mr. McCormack has been a director of the Saunders company also for many years.

The war is now long past and partially forgotten, so that it is unnecessary to deal with the national work performed by the Wolseley company during the great crisis. It is sufficient to say that Mr. McCormack was awarded the C.B.E. for his personal war services.

This year marks a very considerable milestone, not only in the career of Mr. McCormack, but in the history of the Wolseley company, for it will see the satisfactory completion of the post-war extension plans of the enterprise. What the future may hold none can say, but the intention has been to establish the company on a 20,000 cars a year basis—and that point has now been achieved.

In regard to the general uncertainty of trade, this does not seem to have affected the Wolseley company to any serious extent, and we are assured that in the eleven days immediately prior to Whitsun 225 cars of this make were delivered and paid for.



Mr. A. J. McCormack.

THE FOUR - WHEELED OPTIMIST.

By James West.

Optimism in motoring? Why not? If the motor-car cannot thrill with a score of new delights, what will? The vehicle ministers to your craving for freedom from the commonplace, putting it in your power to satisfy your spring-inspired Wanderlust. And it does it so delightfully, in a fashion that never palls.

AN optimist has been defined as that happily constituted individual to whom the word "no" is colourably tinged with affirmation. From this designation he is, then, one would deduce, the exception rather than the rule. Yet there are more of him than is generally believed.

It is in the motoring world that the optimist is seen at his best. About that pastime, sport, industry—call it how you will—is wreathed some sort of subtle aroma, an aura that effectively outclasses the golden spectacles of childish lore. Show me a motorist and you show me an optimist.

But this *homo fortunatus* has, of course, his makeweight. Even if the sway of the automobile cannot wholly exterminate the pessimist—he, in fact, is as much a corollary as shadow is to light—it certainly relegates him to the very small end of the telescope. And, luckily, the motoring pessimist is a particularly random individual, neither outstanding nor representative, forming the faint and misty background essential to throw into high relief the only persons that count.

Optimism in motoring! And why not?

If the motor-car cannot thrill with a score of new delights, what will? By means of the car you, a staid, prosaic citizen, endue yourself with an additional faculty, an endowment far excelling the spacious attributes so freely lavished in the tales of the *Arabian Nights*. For that vehicle ministers to your craving for freedom from the commonplace, putting it in your power to satisfy your spring-inspired *Wanderlust*.

And it does it so delightfully, in a fashion that never palls!

The motorist does well to be optimistic. He, as it were, takes on a new lease of life, or at any rate acquires an accentuated zest. And even before he actually hatches himself out of his pedestrian egg-shell into a status that successfully emulates that of the golden eagle he is tinged with the rosininess that sempiternally halos



ACCESSORIES THAT TEND TO MAKE MOTORING OPTIMISM MORE POSSIBLE

Pessimism, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is inspired by fears of tyre trouble. But there is really no need for it, especially if one makes a practice of giving the covers the necessary attention and running them fully inflated—an easy matter, so far as the owner of a Duco electric garage pump is concerned.

anticipation. Before he is the actual possessor of a car he has entered upon man's loftiest stage—become a four-wheeled optimist.

For behind the mere purchase of a car lies much that is akin to optimism. The very vendor, liquid tongued and fluent with golden hope, is but an example. Never yet have I seen his like amongst those good folk who retail potatoes or pianos. Let the unwary citizen (lucky man!) with money to spend on a car but stray within his portals and it will be the fault of neither his skill nor his will if his visitor leaves him unenriched by a cheque.

And something of the motor merchant's optimism colours likewise the mind of the auto-desiring citizen. Now emulating Falstaff in his Gargantuan aspirations, now the thin spectre of a despondent Scrooge, he ponders the purchase. Should he fear to plunge, it is perchance because the deal is the first enterprise of the sort. Or it may be the car is one with which he is not acquainted.

Then recollection that half the world goes a-motoring to-day gives birth to a doubt dispelling optimism, and forthwith he launches himself upon his Pegasus. And is he not right? Has he not the maker's own statement that the car is perfect? And who, let me ask, is so well equipped to make this assertion if not the man who fashioned it? Out of his experience he speaks, and should the carriage later reveal the cloven hoof—to mix metaphors—the fault must obviously lie elsewhere.

Seldom is the new-made motorist undecieved. So numerous are the trustworthy models to-day that it must be a particularly virulent ill-wind, from all four quarters of the compass at once, that leads him astray. And when the inevitable minor but only occasional ailments arise he finds on either hand enthusiasts dying to be of assistance.

Consider the situation reminiscently. Regard the happy motoring pioneers of a quarter of a century ago. Reflect upon their trials, their ignorance, their

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL ———"

disappointments and, yes, their achievements. Furnished with only the proverbial straw they nevertheless fashioned bricks, good and highly developed and capable of stably supporting the modern gigantic automobile industry.

Those of us of increasing *Anno Domini* have still a vivid recollection of the miscellaneous congeries of vehicles that hopefully set off on "Emancipation Day," in 1896, for a free-road demonstration run from London to Brighton. A weird collection, both riders and machines! Optimists all, overnight—fifty per cent. at Brixton—at Preston Park to be numbered on a single hand. Bravo, pioneers!

It is true that not the whole of that historic assemblage was four-wheeled—that exalted stage was deferred to a later decade. But its parents were there—with two or three wheels and a vitality fierce enough to promise a prosperous progeny.

Though the event provided coffins for certain of the contestants, it provided also distinctive success for others. So much so, that nowadays one-half the population goes a-motoring, the other half goes a-longing.

And as for the cars themselves, if they do not yet reach the ideal they are its double first cousins. Expert writers have described this season's models as "deliciously feminine" or "absolutely dependable." A happy combination of attributes, you observe—the grace of the lady with the vim of the male. Can you ask more—can you even expect more? So, though you have to-day little need for your optimism you cannot logically help being a trebly refined four-wheeled optimist.

You need have no hesitation, then, in laying out your very ordinary money on the purchase of so desirable an



It is difficult to feel cheerful, not to say hopeful, in a car that is full of mud and floating dust. But with a Bishop footscraper affixed to the running-board, the interior need never get dirty.



Even the cleaning of the coachwork can be made almost enjoyable with a Galirub sponge attached to the end of the hose.

acquisition. Nor should you have qualms as to delivery. Those good and optimistic Samaritans, the makers, offer you attractive and immediate choice—and lower to-day than yesterday.

THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

The regulations for the International Tourist Trophy Car Race and for the International "Fifteen Hundred" Trophy Car Race, to be organised by the R.A.C. next year, have now been issued; the probable dates of the races being Tuesday and Thursday, June 20th and 22nd. Owing to the war, and the condition of the motor industry after the war, no race has been organised by the Club since 1914.

The races are open to cars manufactured in countries represented in the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs.

The distance of the Tourist Trophy Race will be about 300 miles and of the "Fifteen Hundred" Race about 250 miles. In the Tourist Trophy Race the engine must have not less than four working cylinders and shall not be less than 2,500 c.c. nor more than 3,000 c.c. The minimum weight is 1,600 lb., this weight including everything except driver and mechanic.

In the "Fifteen Hundred" Race the engine must have not less than four working cylinders and shall not exceed 1,500 c.c. The minimum weight is 1,000 lb., including everything except driver and mechanic.

The entry list will be open at the Club on July 1st next. Not more than three cars of any one make will be allowed to compete. Several firms have already notified their intention to enter three cars each.



The Barker - Penny detachable discwheel, a simple, safe and neat fitment. Artillery wheels, strong as they

are, are gradually being displaced by this type, which, besides being elegant in appearance, are easy to clean.

A MOTOR-OWNER "PHOTO RUN."

Although nearly every motorist is also an amateur photographer and frequently carries a camera on his runs, he has not made a habit of it. A camera is an absolutely essential accessory of every car; the owner should no more leave it at home than he should leave the jack in the garage.

WE have insisted so many times that a camera of some kind is an essential automobile accessory that we will not labour the point; but it is certain that the ability to secure memoirs of picturesque spots visited in the course of motor runs gives an added interest to the pastime. Sometimes, it may be, one wants to go for a run but cannot decide upon a definite objective; then a glance through the photo album may settle the matter out of hand. Or one may go out deliberately with the purpose of obtaining pictures. In the run illustrated, for instance, it is a point of



Reflections at Marsh Gibbon.



The Church Door at Grendon Underwood.

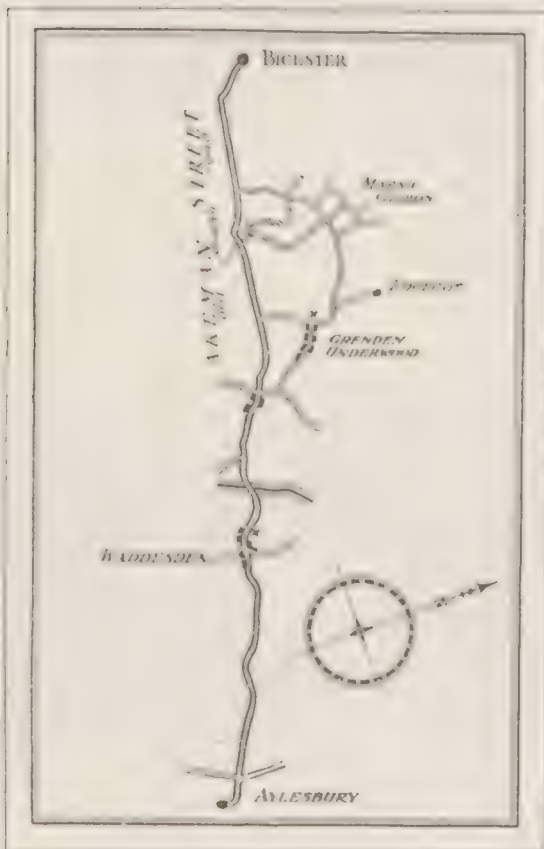
truth of the story is doubtful—is always a valuable addition to the album. In regard to "Shakespeare's House," as it is known locally, the story is based upon a statement by Aubrey, the antiquarian, who said: "The humours of the constable in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he happened to take at Grendon in Bucks. I think it was a midsummer night that he happened to lye there, which was on the road from Stratford to London." The house, of which only a portion remains, was once the Ship Inn. It lies on the right of, and a few yards off, the road to Aylesbury, halfway down the village.



A picturesque cottage at Grendon Underwood.

rather questionable authenticity that Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Much Ado About Nothing* at Grendon Underwood, Buckinghamshire. Whether he did or whether he did not, here is an opportunity for some interesting "snaps."

There are picturesque cottages, bits of ecclesiastical architecture and other items worthy of record all along the route, and a picture that has a story to it—no matter that the



Photography and motoring are two hobbies, pastimes—call them what you will—which go so excellently together that one cannot imagine a tour, or even a run, undertaken cameralessly. Even though one does not set out deliberately on a run with the intention of taking photographs, occasions often arise when a camera is an almost priceless possession—when one would give anything to be able to record some scene or incident. Consequently we say: Carry a camera on the car.



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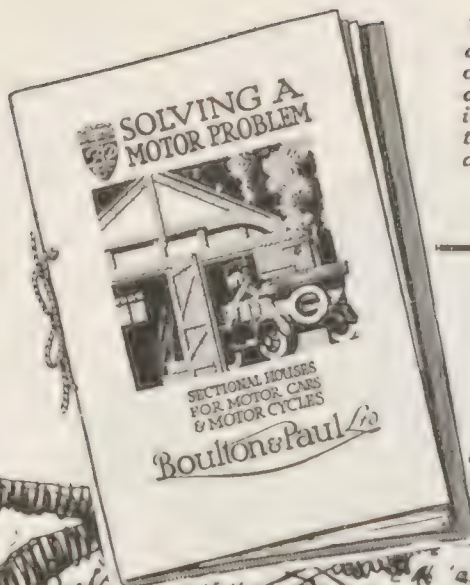
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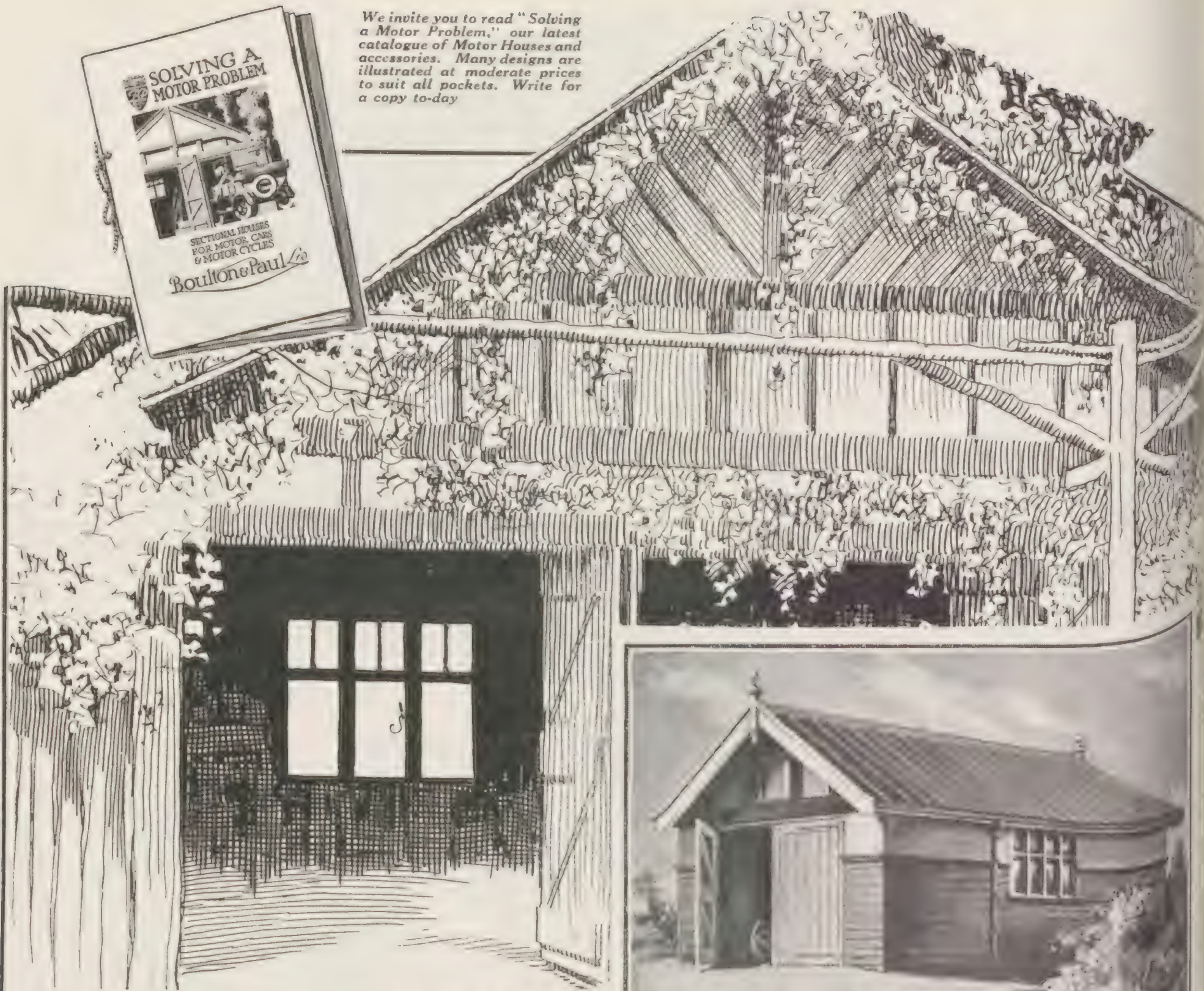
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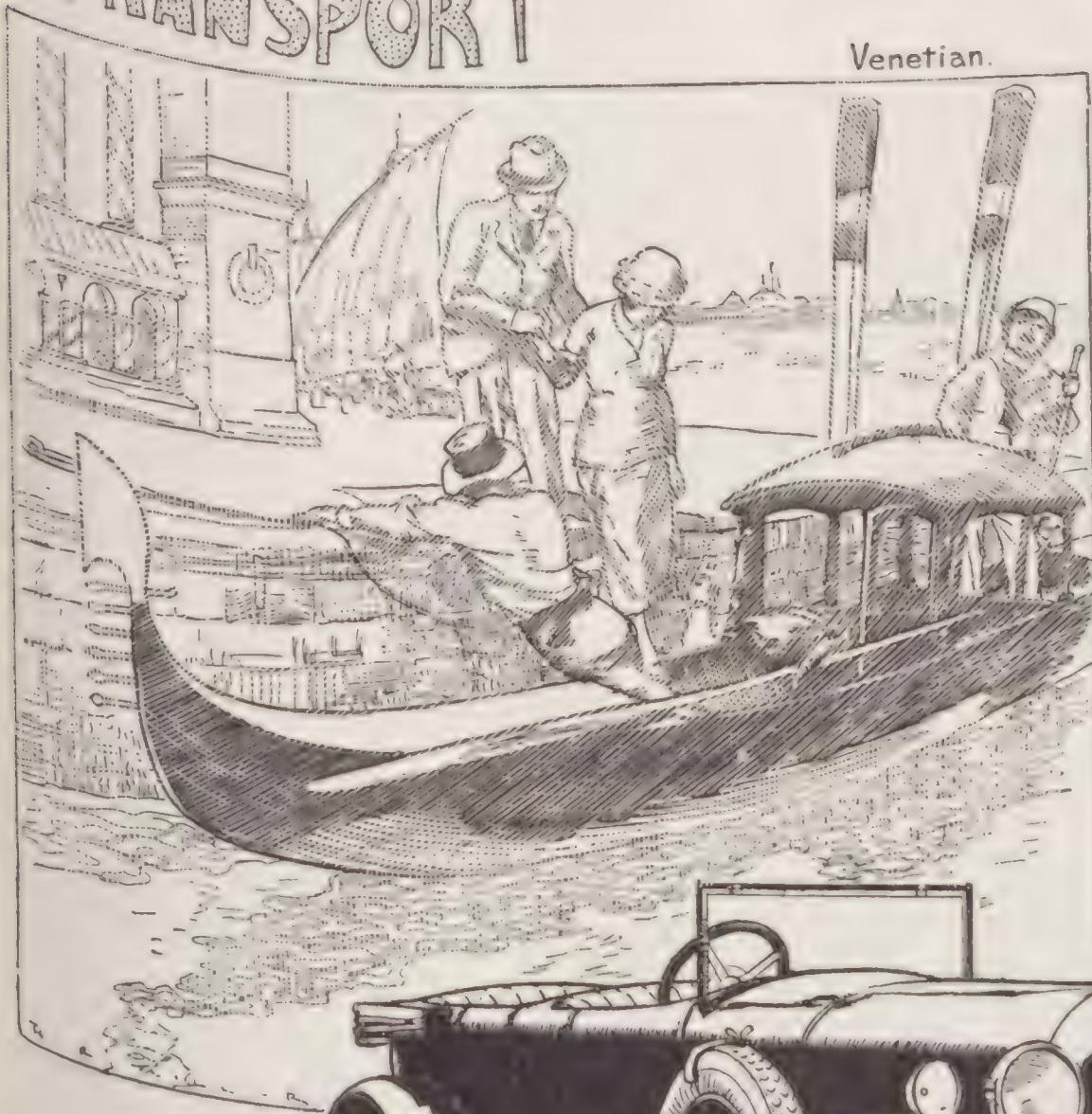
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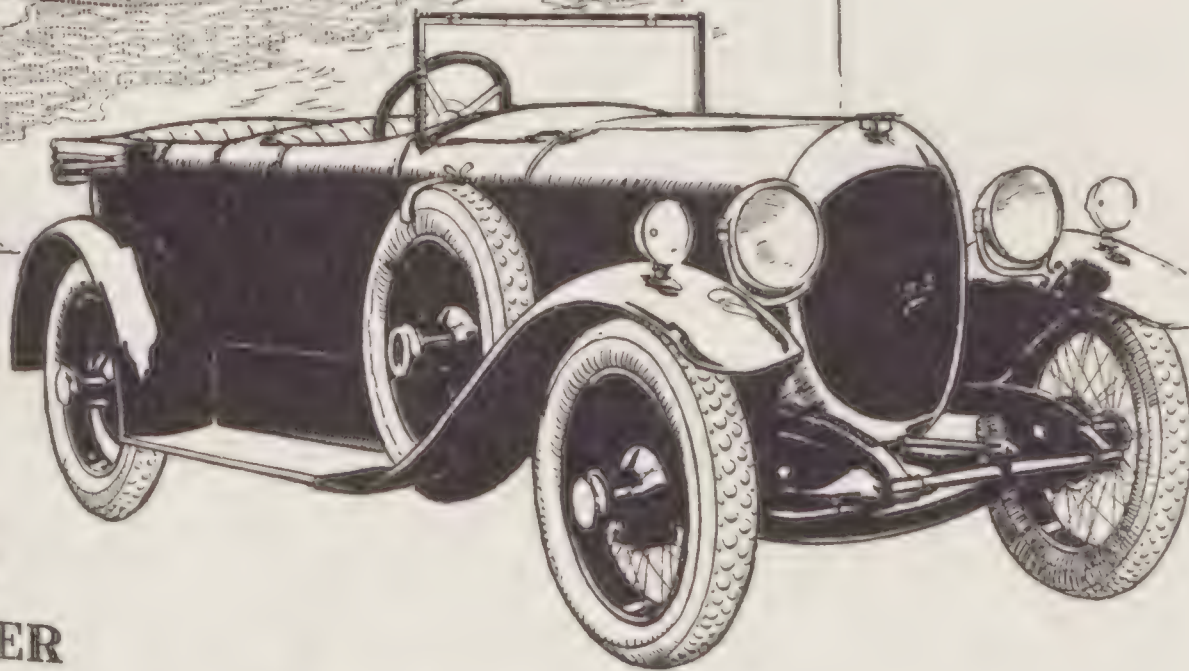
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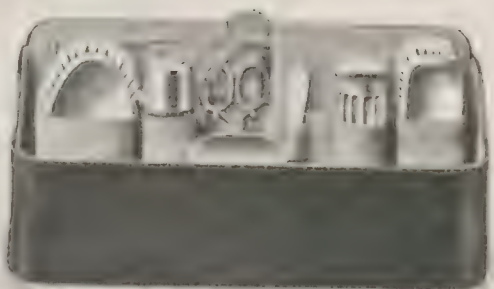
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The Horstman car stands out from the common run by reason of the originality of its design. Here is no slavish copying of conventional methods simply because they are conventional; there is evidence of careful thought throughout the chassis. The car is, moreover, inexpensive to buy and maintain.

A CAR which, as a fresh introduction to the market, embodies nothing in its design that is not entirely conventional does not arouse much interest, though it may be thoroughly worthy of respect. It may be absolutely meritorious in every sense but—well, there are quite a lot of good conventional cars on the market already. One would scarcely go so far as to say that a new car, to justify its introduction, should embody some unusual feature; but the Horstman certainly scores heavily in this respect.

Although the car was introduced before the war, little progress had been made prior to 1914, and the present 10.4 h.p. model is, to all intents and purposes, a post-war introduction. It contains more novelties in its specification than could be found in almost any other six cars; and, what is more important, these innovations quickly prove their efficiency and the fact that they were not introduced merely for the sake of their novelty.

The valve-gear, the triangulated control of the single plate clutch, the

avoidance of a multiplicity of greasers are items in which the designer has thought for himself, and thought to some purpose, and, taking the complete car from end to end, it is evident that it represents an honest attempt to produce a real light car that combines comfort and efficiency with low maintenance cost.

Although, from the engineer's point of view the mechanical starting mechanism is a comparatively trivial detail, in the eyes of the user, and particularly of the novice, it is the principal distinguishing feature between the Horstman and other light cars. Its design is typical of the ingenuity manifested throughout the chassis; it is effective, and one must confess that it is very nice not to have to get down on to a muddy road and start the engine by hand—nice, also, not to keep the engine running at every halt. But, as a passing reflection and by no means by way of criticism, we wonder whether in these days of high production costs and the necessity for economy in every direction the advantages of the mechanical starter justify its in-

clusion in the specification. The reply probably is that this small piece of mechanism adds little to the cost; and as that cost, in the catalogue before us at the moment, is only £350 for the complete two seater, £385 for the four seater and £410 for a smart saloon, we are bound to admit that the price is well on the right side.

In regard to the running of the car on the road we found it really well sprung and excellently easy to control. The steering was so light and certain that we thought at first it must be of the Marles type, until, on opening the bonnet, we found the bevel-and-sector arrangement exposed to view. It was impossible to find fault with any detail of the control, while the little 65 mm. by 100 mm. monobloc four-cylinder engine pulled us nobly, and gave the impression of not requiring to have its "revs. kept up" to quite the same degree as most small plants of its kind. Altogether we were more than pleased with the car, and recommend its inclusion in any prospective light car purchaser's list of "possibles."

The lines of the four-seated Horstman car are excellent in combining grace with the suggestion of speed and power.



This is not an altogether simple proposition even with a big car, especially if the comfort of the passengers is to be studied.

COLOMBO TO KANDY.

By Evelyn Ross.

Ceylon does not strike one as being pre-eminently a touring ground for the motorist, but, judging from this article, not only are the roads quite good, but the sheer beauty of the country must be seen before it can be realised.

CEYLON, seen from the deck of a coasting steamer, appears to be one mass of palms, a velvety green covering extending to the edge of the golden seashore. Back of this vegetation rise hills, and in the far distance mountains. As one gazes upon the scene the imagination conjures up pictures which readily become a reality once the vicinity of Colombo is left behind and the countryside entered.

My friends and I had hoped to have a full twenty-four hours to reach Kandy in a somewhat leisurely fashion. But the way of a ship is undoubtedly peculiar as regards the duration of her stay in port, and so it came about that we had less than twelve hours daylight, and yet Kandy just had to be visited.

Before the paraphernalia of passports, visés, and doctor's visit was in any way complete the morning train had left, and thus it came about that it had gone eleven a.m. before we set foot on shore in Colombo on a brilliantly sunny February day. There was only one thing to do—get a car. We did and—but more anon of the splendid machine, and even more splendid native driver.

Kandy, our objective, lay 72 miles away. The route is an extraordinarily well metalled road, a triumph of engineering, over the mountainous country which intervenes.

Within a very short time after asking at the G.O.H. for a car, an Overland, newly shod with Michelins, drove up. In we got, and a moment later were speeding along through the bazaar at anything from 25–35 m.p.h.

A turn to the right after passing over the bridge took the car along by the River Kelam. Here, as indeed was the case throughout the run, were dotted at short intervals the low-roofed mud-built houses of the natives abutting on to the highway, small and compact, chimneyless, and yet picturesque.

On each side of the road grew feathery leaved bamboos, cocoanut

trees and areca nut, spices of every description, india-rubber trees, the crimson hibiscus, crotons, with bananas here and there. For sheer beauty of tropical vegetation this route must be very near perfection. Great vistas of gently curving palms showed at every bend in the path, cultivated terraces undulated down to the bottom of the valley—in which wallowed great heavy-looking buffaloes, some with the ever attendant crows perched on their backs.

There seemed little doing in the fields except the cutting of what looked like some sort of fodder. Occasionally a brilliant emerald-hued bird very like a Smyrna kingfisher would flit along the bed of a river, to lose itself in the similarly coloured vegetation. And all the while our speedometer was in the vicinity of 40! You see we had to get to Kandy—and back—quickly, for our boat sailed at nightfall.

We had covered about 35 miles on the level when there came in sight a seemingly precipitous range of hills. But up and up went the Overland, with 5 up, on top. I was astonished. Severe gradients, hairpin bends, each seemed to have no effect—the clutch did not slip nor the engine knock, though on occasion there would be a slight sideslip in the dust. Thus we covered mile after mile of the most picturesque scenery.

Shortly after 1 p.m. we caught sight of Kandy. Sliding down the hillside, past the golf-links and the Botanical Gardens, through the town and beside a miniature lake, we arrived at the Hotel Suisse, where, the driver informed us, we should get "good fooding." Such proved to be the case.

We set off again on our return journey at 3 p.m., paying a short visit to a curio dealer's and afterwards to the gardens. What a collection of exotic plants!—the Coco de mer of the Seychelles, flowering creepers, mangosteen, a profusion of orchids—in the open—(think of it, you who have visited Highbury!), begonias as big as

a Rhodian plate, an avenue of india-rubber trees, spice and bay rum.

I picked up a snail's shell over five inches long; thus does nature compensate and preserve the balance. On leaving, a native thrust into my hand a walking-stick of clove, so strongly smelling that the ladies refused to have it in the car! And all this time the tropical sun beat down relentlessly from a sky of brass.

Tea gardens and coffee plantations passed us in lightning succession until, on descending, we stopped for a moment to gaze into the huge valley beneath. There seemed to be nothing but the gently waving palm leaves as far as the eye could see. On every side they grew, covering each inch of land where things could exist. Angry-looking rocks thrust their heads above the greenness like a cobra ready to strike. Turning again, the car slid down and down into the valley we had just viewed, through villages whence rose those intriguing wood fire scents that perhaps have their origin in the spicy breezes known of old.

Evening crept on apace as we rushed along, grazing native carts by a hair's breadth. An elephant, mahout up, saluted with his trunk as we slowed on passing him. Over the fields the paddy bird wheeled like a stray curlew on a Scotch moor, bats flitted hither and thither, a firefly or two glittered and went out.

It was but 10 miles more to Colombo, and there in front the sun was setting, a mass of gold shot with crimson and olive green glowing behind the palms standing like sentinels, calm, very still on the edge of the marshes.

At the pressure of a button our headlights gleamed bright in the gathering shadows; the river flowed silently on; those palms bowed their heads as we passed beneath the canopy of heaven. We crossed the bridge and drew up whence we had set out eight hours previously—but with a wealth of experience not usually gained in as many months.

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST.



*Feeding the monkeys in
Presidency Gardens,
Lucknow.*

*On the road to Cawn-
pore, of tragic but pass-
ing memories.*



Imam Cara, Lucknow.

*On the Grand Trunk
Road between Cawnpore
and Aligarh.*

*Mixed Traffic on the
Grand Trunk Road,
Central India.*

A WILLYS-KNIGHT APPRECIATION.

The Willys-Knight is essentially a no-trouble car, and in either its touring or town carriage form is specially adapted for the owner-driver. It is a car which requires an absolute minimum of gear changing—will even, if necessary, start off from a standstill on top-speed without effort.

KNOWING the leading British example of a Knight sleeve-valve engined car—the Daimler—it was with some curiosity that we approached a trial of the Willys-Knight, one of the principal American cars so fitted. We found, however, that no comparison is possible, for the Willys is as characteristically American as the Daimler is British, despite the similar patent involved in the engine. The Willys is a top-speed car in all ordinary circumstances; she will crawl at a snail's pace behind City traffic, and will accelerate from a virtual 'standstill' in a remarkable fashion. The car has, too, that very useful ability to run quite slowly and sweetly on top gear up a quite considerable gradient. Apparently the engine will "pull its weight" over an unusually wide range of revs. per minute, and, in contrast with the increasingly popular light car, there is never any necessity to nurse the engine in preparation for a hill. It is, in fact,

a totally different type of car to drive, and it would not be possible to find one that calls for less mental and physical effort to control. Its top speed capabilities, of course, are partly accounted for by the fact that the gear ratio is a trifle on the low side, but unless one steps straight from the wheel of a high-g geared racing two-seater to that of the Willys-Knight, this is barely appreciable. In any case, the car is capable of a reasonably fast pace on the level, and although a few miles an hour may be sacrificed at the maximum end of the scale for the sake of easy hill climbing and traffic work, it is certainly worth it in this case.

While the Willys-Knight is a pleasing car for anyone, however experienced and skilful, to drive, its simplicity of operation makes it an ideal first car for the new motorist. Nothing but experience will teach a driver that "road sense" which enables one almost to divine the forthcoming actions of pedestrians and other traffic—in fact, it

is to a large extent born in the man, and requires only development; but the absolute confidence in one's ability to control the car which a few minutes' run on the Willys-Knight gives one is calculated to make a safe driver of the merest novice in the shortest possible time.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the springing and the design and finish of the body and upholstery are in keeping with the general excellence of the car, while the equipment is really complete. So far as the hood and side curtains are concerned, the perfect protection from the weather afforded by them is not a peculiar feature of the Willys-Knight, but we found them so well designed, and the car such an admirable all-weather vehicle—especially as a wind-screen cleaner is a standard fitting—that mention of this point must be made. Taking every thing into consideration one would have to search far to find better value than that offered in the Willys-Knight.

A pleasing picture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, about to set off from York House on his Willys-Knight.



Take a Kodak with you
YOUR holiday is very near. If it were *now*, what would you be doing? Sailing—motoring—golfing? Would you be drifting in a punt with a book—roaming the downs—or wandering through lanes and woods revelling in the beauty of the country? And—would you have your Kodak with you to catch and to keep all that is best of these glorious hours of freedom? You are looking forward to your holiday—take a Kodak and you will always be able to look back upon your holiday happiness.



Take a Kodak with you.

To enjoy to-day
 to-morrow take a

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 show you the
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THE NAPIER SIX CYLINDER

TOURING MOTOR CARRIAGE



The World's Best—

A Great Authority's opinion

The following is an extract from a letter in *The Autocar* dated 7-5-21 from **Mr. F. Lionel Rapson**—the well-known inventor, engineer, and motorist—who has had considerable experience of all high-class motor carriages :—

"I have been driving since 1902 and can say, in all modesty, during that period there are very few makes of cars that have not passed through my hands, at some time or other ; BUT NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I HANDLED ANYTHING TO COMPARE WITH THIS NEW NAPIER ! The efficiency of the engine is little short of marvellous. The slightest touch on the accelerator, even when climbing steep hills on top gear, sends the car leaping forward like a greyhound freed from the leash. As a matter of fact, I am beginning to wonder, outside of starting, why the other gears are provided."

Full particulars on application

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,

14 New Burlington Street, W.1

Works : Acton, London, W.3

LUXURY IN MINIATURE.

SMALL CAR REFINEMENT.

There is no reason why, because one car is smaller than another it should embody inferior design and construction in its chassis, but until recently it has more or less gone without saying that the smaller a car the less pleasant it would be to drive. The Enfield-Allday is a shining example of a new and more sensible policy.

THE 10 horse-power type of car always has been, and always will be, popular for that best of all reasons, economy of upkeep, but in view of the present system of taxation and of bad times in general it is likely to enjoy a very considerably increased vogue. The capabilities of the modern small engine are astonishing, and although one is aware that actualities will probably exceed expectations in a trial run on any car of well-known make, a trial of such a super-excellent little vehicle as the latest Enfield-Allday nevertheless leaves one amazed.

Before ever trying this model on the road we were struck by the general evidence of careful thought expended in the design of both chassis and body-work. The latter is impressive in line and capacity and, as we found later, provides something as near to ultimate comfort as one can hope to find. But the chassis is very obviously designed with the idea that the owner will drive and maintain his own car, and that he will not wish to go to more trouble or to get more dirty than is absolutely necessary. Such matters as a conveniently-placed oil filler, ready accessibility of dynamo-drive and brake adjustments, and so forth, have been seriously studied with excellent results.

So far as general performance on the road is concerned, the promise of the car's appearance and design was fully realised. The engine will drive a fully loaded four-seater at a steady

30 to 35 miles an hour all day without distress, and will accelerate up to 50 on occasion. Its running is notably smooth and quiet, and this, in conjunction with the efficiency of the suspension, leads one rather to under-

estimate the capabilities of the car. The steering is light and certain, and, in fact, an absolute minimum of effort is required to operate any of the controls.

From this point of view we should imagine that the Enfield-Allday would make an ideal lady's car, especially as very little gear-changing is required. Any car is a lady's car, perhaps, but even to-day in some cars clutch pedals have to be depressed against unnecessarily heavy springs; steering, through poor design, requires deliberate effort, and a certain amount of physical strength is required to drive. This is essentially not so with the Enfield-Allday "Ten," in which refinement and the consequently requisite delicacy of touch are the most outstanding features. Apart from the very evident care for details, the design of the little car is more or less conventional. The engine is a 4-cylinder monobloc of 63.5 mm. bore, by 117.5 mm. stroke, the R.A.C. rating being 10 h.p. Ignition is by high tension magneto, operated by an adjustable silent chain. The gear-box is a separate unit, giving three forward speeds, the pinions being carried on short shafts of large diameter. Control is

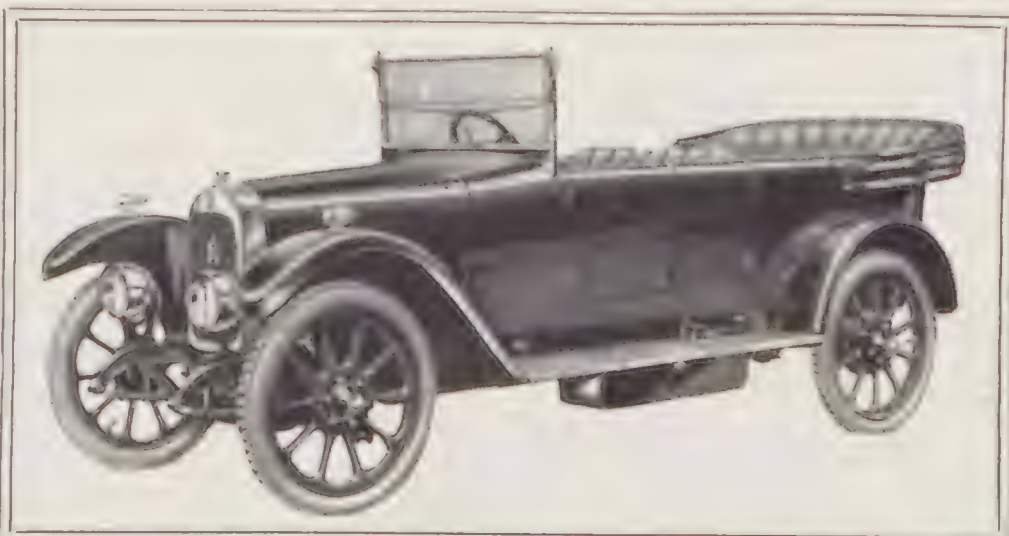
by a centrally situated lever. The propeller shaft is enclosed within a torque tube, and is universally jointed at its fore end. This joint is of metal, carried in roller bearings, while a fabric universal joint is interposed between the clutch and gear-box.

ENFIELD-ALLDAY POINTS.

Engine: Four cylinders cast en bloc; bore 63.5 mm. by stroke 117.5 mm.; cubic capacity, 1,488 c.c. R.A.C. rating 10 h.p. Inclined valves, with adjustable tappets enclosed by aluminium cover. Balanced crankshaft carried in three large white-metal bearings. One-piece camshaft driven by adjustable silent chain. Lubrication by gear-wheel pump through drilled crankshaft, with pressure gauge on dash.

Controls: Magneto and throttle levers on steering wheel, and foot accelerator. Hand brake operates on drum behind gearbox; foot brake on rear wheels.

Wheels: Detachable steel artillery, 30 in. by 3½ in. Tyres, Dunlop Magnum.



The new Enfield-Allday four-seater.

HARDRES COURT.

The history of the Hardres family, who lived for hundreds of years from the time of the Conqueror at Upper Hardres, near Canterbury, is very much also the history of England, and the decoration of the present Court is designed to illustrate and perpetuate that history.

HARDRES COURT as it stands, now the property of Sir John Esplen, K.B.E., late Architect to the Ministry of Shipping, is a comparatively recent structure, but the building which was completed in 1902 stands close to the site of a much more ancient edifice. It stands somewhat to the south of the old holding, of which only some of the foundations of the outer walls and piers remain; these were disclosed in the work of excavating for the new approaches. The chief remains now existing besides the church are the enclosing walls of a sixteenth century kitchen garden with two well-preserved brick piers, having moulded stone caps and bases, which evidently once carried wrought iron gates. These have now been restored.

In Domesday Book the Manor of Hardres is described thus:—

"The Bishop of Bayeux, himself, holds in demesne, Hardres. It answers for two solins. There is the arable land of four teams. In demesne there is one, and nine villans with two teams. A church there and five slaves. Wood of twenty hogs." It is further stated that "in King Edward's time it was worth seven pounds."

The record in the original Latin text, with its curious contrac-



Sir John Esplen, K.B.E., the present owner of Hardres Court, and Major H. Stanley Westcott.

tions, is as reproduced below, and forms also the surround to a panel on the east wall of the Hall:—

Church
Ipse epus Baioc' ten in dno Hardres. Pn. solmte def.
Tra. e. m. car. In dno. e. una. 7ix with cu. 11 car. 16
200la 7v. serui. Silua. 200. pore
Robert de Hardres tenuit de rege in 1080

Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was a brother of the Conqueror. He was disgraced, however, and, after the confiscation of his estates, the seignior of fee paramount of the Manor of Upper Hardres was granted to Richard Fitz-Gilbert, whose descendants took the name of Clare and became Earls of Gloucester, while the actual manor was held by a branch of the family which assumed the surname de Hardres.

Robert de Hardres held the manor and resided there in 1080; his successors, in the language of heraldry,

bore gules, a lion rampant ermine, debruised with the red chevron of the Clares, differenced to or, in token of his holding this manor by knight's service of the Castle of Tunbridge. The descendants of the Hardres family continued the possession of the manor down to 1544, in the reign of Henry VIII, and again without a break to the days of George III.

A west view of the present Court, standing close by the site of the original building.



PERPETUATING HISTORY.



Major H. S. Westcott successfully tackles the entrance gates in his Rolls-Royce.



Mr. H. Lessor, President of the International Freight Committee, has his first ride on a scooter.

From a decorative point of view the present house perpetuates and illustrates the history of the Hardres family. The walls abound in panels and shields and artistic windows. The Chaucer frieze of the billiard room, illustrating the Canterbury Tales, is particularly interesting.

Hardres Court lies four or five miles almost due south of Canterbury. Anyone proceeding by the Roman Road known as Stone Street would turn left around the southern confines of Upper



The Model Dairy at Hardres Court.

Below (left): The restored gates of wrought iron referred to in the text. (Right): A view down the splendid vista of gardens.

Hardres Wood to the village of Bossingham, where another sharp turn to the left and a run of a mile, partly along the borders of the estate, would bring them to the Court.

The present building is, of course, thoroughly up to date, possessing, besides such interesting innovations as a model dairy, admirable automobile garage facilities. Sir John Esplen is a thorough believer in motor power of all kinds and for all purposes and has by no means neglected this aspect in the improvement of his estate.



WANTED—A FAST GOOGLIE BOWLER.

CRICKET MILESTONES.

By E. H. D. Sewell.

There are many interesting milestones in the history of cricket, most noticeably, perhaps, in regard to the attire of the players, although the game itself has changed considerably. In the latter respect, Mr. Sewell says that the milestones have been bowling ones, first and last, since it is the bowler who calls the tune.

LIKE everything else cricket has had its milestones. I propose to refer here to some of these, but though feeling very old, and conscious that the ground is getting farther off every season, I am not quite old enough to deal with them all. First of all look at the kit cricketers wear. I don't know which would create the greatest surprise to-day, a team emerging on to the ground at Lord's clad in print shirts, tall hats and pegtop trousers, or one in which the wicket-keeper was wearing either a red flannel shirt or red trousers, as used to be the case. The object of his coloured apparel was to assist the fieldsman when the latter, turning round to throw in after picking up a ball he had been chasing, would see instantly which end of the pitch to return the ball. One of the milestones of cricket is this very one, for we have long passed such a bad habit as *always* throwing the ball to the wicket-keeper's end.

When toppers went out, billycocks came in—another milestone. Billycocks, or bowlers, to give them their cricket name which has stuck to this day, gave way to caps of a kind more suitable for fly-fishing on a bad day, or for golf in a storm than for such a sartorially, as well as otherwise, clean game as cricket. Among the bloods of their time caps took the shape known as forage, and many a photograph is extant of famous old amateurs, mostly I. Zingari it is true, wearing their club colours in an infantryman's shaped cap. Gradually, however, the present cricket cap was evolved from the old gardener's shape sort of headgear, and except for various embroideries and differences, due to a Cambridge taste sometimes, is likely to remain. Footgear has passed at least two milestones. Shoes were once *de rigueur* and generally of brown leather. Then came the brown and white confections nowadays labelled "for the seaside" in shop windows, and after them the

white buckskin boot, the sole of which is usually too thin. Sweaters have travelled the same road. Originally a coarse woolly affair that could never be worn without an expenditure of brute force to pull it over one's head, it is now a comfortable waistcoat shape. Shirts have also had their milestones. Thick flannel was once the thing where now Japanese silk reigns supreme. There was a time when the professional cricketer could be told at a glance by the waistband of his woollen drawers which invariably showed above his trousers. To-day the best professors are as chic as the latest amateur blood who belongs to fourteen clubs, and makes quite a good attempt to wear the colours of all fourteen at least once a day!

In the important matter of gloves and pads and bats the game has seen many changes. Some of the bowling of the ancients needed no glove or pad protection; on the other hand some of it needed more than is required to-day, for one thing because wickets were not so even on some grounds. No player in first-class cricket who wishes to preserve his reputation for sanity bats to-day without wearing pads on both legs and a glove on at least one hand. Bats have been all shapes and sizes. At first they looked like any old stake from the nearest hedge, roughly fashioned to give the player a grip, but to-day a good bat is a work of art, a thing to be treasured and never lent. For *good* bats are scarce—whether fashioned in wood or in flesh and blood.

Turning to the game itself, its milestones have been bowling ones, first and last. For it is the bowler who calls the tune. The batsmen dance to him eight times out of ten. Most of the tall scoring and high averages of 1919-1920 were due to bad bowling—a fact some of us discovered before the tour of M.C.C. proved it for the world to see. Bowling started under-arm, and the

best bowlers seemed to be allowed to pitch the wicket where an inequality in the turf best suited their length and style! Anyway, "Lumpy" Stevens did, so the good books do declare. This habit is a milestone which the game has left in the very distant obscurity of the past.

Then bowling went from under through round to over-arm; and so high over-arm that in at least one case (J. B. King of Philadelphia) a serious effort seemed to be being made to make it round-arm on the bowler's reverse side!! When round-arm was allowed the pace increased. The higher the arm went, the more m.p.h. were registered, until bowling achieved one C. J. Kortright. There, happily for batsmen, wicket-keepers and first and second slips, the speed limit was attained. Human agency could no faster hurtle a ball for a distance of 22 yards without throwing it than Kortright hurtled it. Disbelievers may ask David Denton of Yorkshire, the only batsman now playing who has played every one of the greatest fast bowlers the game has known, of course excepting those in W. G. Grace's early days.

The first stage after the arm was permitted to be raised was plain fast bowling. Then the Australians of, I think, 1878 showed us fast *break* bowling for the first time. Cricket lived on this until in an awful moment B. J. T. Bosanquet brought a bacillus, which the Australians labelled a "googlie"—because it looked like one—and infected a pitch with it. In 1904 the South Africans took a culture back to South Africa. In 1907 they returned with four full-blown bacilli, Schwarz, Vogler, Faulkner and White, and though, thanks to their bad luck and some startling umpiring efforts, they did not defeat England, they proved what a curse this particular streptococcus, or cocci, is. So far nobody has bowled it at above an ordinary lady-like drawing-room speed. The game awaits the really fast "googlie" bowler!

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE SCREEN.

CELEBRITIES IN "CIVVIES."

The celebrities one sees on the screen are apparently quite human "off." They marry and give in marriage; they motor—they even "do time" for trying to touch a mile a minute. The rescuing of buckskin-clad damsels by handsome cowboys is only an interlude.



Miss Chrissie White, the Hepworth Star, is one of the noble army of motorists, and is thoroughly at home at the wheel of her car.



(Top centre) Happy though married—Georgette Cohan, daughter of Miss Ethel Levy, whose runaway marriage with Mr. J. William Souther doesn't seem to have turned out too badly.



Miss Bebe Daniels, who was sentenced to ten days "without the option" for speeding. She owned to fifty-six miles an hour.



(Below) Miss Margaret Bebbington, a seventeen-year old Australian girl, whose first film part is that of leading lady in "St. Elmo." She met her producer in a motor accident.

"A ROAD IS AS LONG AS IT SEEMS."

MILESTONES OF THE ROAD.

By C. S. Brooke.

"Milestones, to be fair to them, are impartial in their unconvincingness as years are impartial in their treatment of lives. . . . The miles, if one were to count them, might seem fewer than according to the milestones, especially on the 'long, long days of June.'"

THEY may be said to mark the road as epochs mark history, months mark years, and years mark the lives of men and women. They—milestones—are, however, too precise, too mathematical to be wholly convincing. Our friend, Goodluck, was seventy-two last birthday, but does not look it, and Wide-Awake, though only four-and-twenty, enjoys an intimacy with "the ropes" that is denied to many men of twice his years. The one can still "dine off mutton chops and rolypoly pudding with avidity," and the other is eighty—one might describe him as a junior Solomon—in the doubtful but nevertheless advantageous matter of worldly wisdom. The years count, of course, with Goodluck. Even he, his enviable digestion and sane humour notwithstanding, may not go on celebrating birthdays indefinitely, nor can Wide-Awake—by the way he is rather particular about the hyphen, which has been in the family since the Third Crusade—afford altogether to ignore the text that stares one in the face from the tombstones in so many country churchyards. There is, for all that, something to be said for Goodluck's steadily refusing to be cast down under the weight of his years, and one may also sympathise with Wide-Awake in his chagrin at being regarded as little more than a boy by certain of his pompous (but nothing else that matters) elders at the club.

And as with Goodluck, near the one extreme, and Wide-Awake, still on the sunny side of the meridian, so with our other good friends, Roads. They say, the penny-plain philosophers, that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks. Unto which may be added, a road is as long

as it seems. My way to the golf course—how well I knew it!—used to be a mile and a half; from the course three miles—a fraction over rather than under. You doubt my statement? I will try to explain it. The one way was measured according to chain measurement, the other according to gradient—a devil of a tug, I assure you. One may deem, though for a different reason, the milestones on the road from Durham to Newcastle somewhat unconvincing, and be astonished too at the distance, according to the milestones, from Warrington to Wigan, or from Chester to Rhyl by way of Flint. In the case of each of those roads the milestones seem grossly to understate the distances, and so do those on the first half length of the old, the ever so old, road from London to Canterbury through Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester, and Chatham.



The cross at Barford St. Martin, between Salisbury and Shaftesbury.

That road is not less, but rather more, historic than the famous Pilgrim's Way—Winchester to Canterbury—but up to the far outskirts of Chatham it is a road better to read about than to travel over—a road for the fireside and a pipe. As to the others, they are not even worth reading about.

But milestones, to be fair to them, are impartial in their unconvincingness as years (if you would have one stick to the simile) are impartial in their treatment of lives. In this land that for the most of its parts is beautiful enough for heroes, and one fine day may be found fit enough in other respects, there are, one would venture to say at a guess, for one road that, because of its dreariness and its bumps, seems longer than the tally of its milestones a hundred and one whose milestones might be deemed misleading in the opposite direction. The miles, if one were to count them, might seem fewer than according to the milestones, especially on the "long, long days of June" and the languorous succeeding days, on such delectable roads as the road from Barmouth, along the Mawddach Estuary, to Dolgelley, with Cader Idris—how sovran a hill!—in full view; the dales road from Matlock Bath, past baronial Haddon Hall, past the mouth of Monsal Dale, up the lovely pass in miniature called Taddington, and under the Lovers' Leap, to Buxton; the river road from Monmouth to Chepstow, which gives one Tintern Abbey and, after a short climb-afoot, the great view from the Windcliffe, an English "classic"; the road along Loch Lomondside, which Glasgow folk will tell you is the finest road anywhere between Scotia and far Cathay—that is to say, the very

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

farthest, not the near, edge of Cathay; the road from Dunkeld, through Killiecrankie—what a name for a fairy tale!—to Pitlochry—a road at which even an Englishman may lift an eyelid and exclaim “Bai Jove!”; the road from Exeter to Minehead, which, failing in a gallant endeavour to trace Exe to its source, later goes striding through Dunster, as if to retrieve its reputation as a discriminating traveller; the road winding between low woody hills from Bishops Castle to Craven Arms—the one that has three railway stations on it, and misses a fourth by only a furlong or two, but yet has never a village, I mean, not the other; and the long road by which five-and-thirty years ago, ere ever a motor car was thought of, we used to win up to Ambleside on bicycles—the road from Skipton, through Settle, up Huck Brow, under the lee of Ingleborough (a very noble hill), across Wenning and Greeta (rivers of strange adventures), across Lune too (in that case by the Devil’s Bridge), up into Kirkby Lonsdale—from the edge of the churchyard there is a view that Ruskin extolled as the most beautiful view in England—by the proper one of two roads onward to Kendal, and thence up House of Correction Hill on the last stage to a land that after our long abiding amid bricks and mortar, smoke and rain, seemed the Promised Land, and was indeed a land of milk and honey and potted char, strenuous days afoot on the fells and languorous on the lake, rude health and high spirits, and gargantuan appetites.

On such roads, where the beautiful or the grand, or the two happily blended, reigns placidly, as by right, a fig for two-foot rules, a rap for arithmetic, and a row of beans—fly-blown, if you like, as black as the Old Lad—for milestones, those things begotten of rules and arithmetic! Check off the miles if you must—and, indeed, you may be glad to do so—on the dreary roads, or even on the fine ones in foul weather. Take the tally of the stones, too, supposing you incline, on the road you are travelling over as a means to an end—in order to win to the river (whether to test a new rod or pull an oar), the links, the cricket field, or the

garden party, your distant touring ground, or—O rapture!—to meet Her again after a tiff—we’ll dub it a misunderstanding if you prefer it so—or after a long absence. They, milestones, may also be deemed pertinent, especially on moorland roads, if one’s petrol is giving out, or in a case of physical accident or of a mechanical breakdown of the sort that does not fit in with the definition “running repairs,” a definition, you may have observed, that is somewhat elastic, dependent, in fact, on that very variable quality the Personal Equation. One would not say, however, one would not even suggest, no matter how tentatively, that the pertinence in such dire circumstances is invariably comforting. Not every time does a man *in extremis*, at seeing a milestone, fervently exclaim *Selah!*

Nevertheless milestones, because of their impartiality, their matter-of-factness, may ultimately earn the gratitude of our friend in a fix. Conceivably he may have to be towed out of the fix, and conceivably, too, he may regard the bill for towage as grossly excessive as the bills that are regularly rendered to chance guests at the famous (or infamous) — Hotel at —. He who erstwhile was in a fix may then find himself involved in, first, either a battle of high words or a course of

unpolite letter writing, and later, perhaps in proceedings in a place where to keep one’s temper is all-important. In the place one has in mind matter-of-factness is venerated, and impartiality (in theory, at any rate) worshipped, raised to the giddy height of a fetish. In such a place then the evidence of milestones—a picturesque writer would here drag in that blessed term “silent witnesses,” but, you will observe, the present writer refrains—the milestones, one repeats, would be accepted as evidence, and, it may be added, might be the means of getting the obnoxious bill discounted. One fancies that the evidence of milestones was commonly relied upon by both jobbing masters and hirers in the gallant days of old when the crack of the postillion’s whip (to say nothing of the fellow’s language) was loud in the land.

Nowadays the term “milestone” is become in many cases a misnomer; but although the thing itself is as often as not cast iron, he would be a case-hardened pedant indeed who should take exception to the term on that account. A milestone by any other name would doubtless be not less useful, not less impartial, not less matter-of-fact. But the term is hallowed by long usage, and some of the things that it implies may well be coeval with that usage. If there are not to-day in Hampshire milestones on which Winchester is described as “Winton,” and in Wiltshire others lettered “Sarum” for Salisbury, there were till lately, within, say, the last ten years. One remembers milestones in Shropshire—a somewhat neglected, but nevertheless beautiful, county—on which “Salop” does duty for Shrewsbury—only we will pronounce it Shrowsbury, if you do not mind—and whoever travels a certain road in North Devon—how one wishes one were on it as one is writing!—may rub his eyes in wonderment at reading “Barum” for Barnstaple, or at any-rate might have done so as recently as last August twelvemonth, if, Mr. Editor, the vernacular may be excused. Whether or no, here’s to you on your official birthday! And may THE MOTOR-OWNER’S luck equal the luck of that capital fellow Goodluck!



A village cross at Downton, on the Bournemouth Road from Salisbury.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

By Christobel Nicholson.

Subalterns and led horses, according to Miss Nicholson, have to be added to the dangers of the modern roads. With all due deference to our contributor, whom we know to be a skilful driver, we used to reckon the lady motorist as another danger, but the standard has wonderfully improved of late.

ALL the best people begin their articles with the words—"As I write" something or other is happening. Even the Tommy did it when he wrote from a comfortable house in Salonika and frightened his wife into fits by telling her that—"As I write the shells are whistling overhead and I can hear the lions roaring from my tent."

What happens afterwards just depends on what sort of an as-you-writer you are—whether you specially correspond over a bloodsome corpse, real or Guignol, a miners' meeting or Tolley off his game. Travellers fly through miles of luxurious scenery as they write, though I've never discovered how on earth they manage to see both their surroundings and their notebook at the same time. Essayists, as they write, read a newspaper, and poets put pen to paper under the uplifting influence of the nightingale.

Well, as I write, I am cabbaging, or I may develop into a broad bean if I keep up this diet of country butter, cheese and cream, and, as I write again, the sounds of many Wyandottes laying, I should imagine, many eggs, falls on my ears like anything but sweet music.

But, *tiens*, this is a respectable motor journal, isn't it? So I must turn my thoughts to how to pay for a car rather than to how to make twenty old hens pay for the rent.

First, though, let me explain that I am not totally out of the world. I am quite close to a military centre.

The other day I was in a smash. I wasn't driving or I should have known better, having suffered somewhat seriously through the same thing in France while one of the last wars was going on. And that "thing" was a spare artillery horse who didn't like the look of us, whom we shaved too closely and who, in consequence, began emulating Pavlova.

We got off lightly with two battered wings and a very *déshabillé* running board, but my French friend was not nearly so gentle with me. To begin

with, he was more Samsonlike than the English horse, having considerably hairier hoofs; secondly, he caught me right on the front wheel; and, thirdly, I was driving a very light car. The consequence was that my steering gear was completely napoo'd, the car turned over on its side with me underneath, and the French Army said—"Mon dieu, quelle affaire," without making any attempt to release the affaire—which was me—from my most unlady-like position.

So beware of led horses. If you can't give them a wide berth don't pass them until you can, even if you lose a train through doing it. It is much better to lose a train whole than to catch it in pieces with a label attached calling attention to the fact that your destination is Brookwood.

Talking of Brookwood reminds me of a Surrey policeman. He hasn't gone there yet, in fact he looks disgustingly healthy at the moment, but he has got a down on women drivers. N.B.—Even artillery horses won't drag his name or the site of his beat from me—I'm not partial to Surrey magistrates!



* ? — ! ! ! * * *

"Beware of subalterns with the sanctity of Sandhurst still hanging about them." (One has just passed this way!)

He hauled me up the other day for not complying with the ten-mile limit. I hadn't the vaguest notion that I was in a limit. I had never seen any sign of it, and told him so.

"Weil," with a hitch to his trousers which I thought was a preliminary to producing his truncheon, which, so I have heard, policemen keep somewhere about their nether garments, the end of the limit is by the Corn Exchange."

"And where is the other end," politely.

"By the Corn Exchange," gruffly.

"But the other end."

"Well"—extremely blasé and irritated pause—"there ain't no sign at the other end, leastways, nothing but the post. The circle was broken off a long while ago, and the A.A. solicitor always puts that in as 'is defence, but I can always summon you for driving to the public danger.'"

Having intimated that I was perfectly aware of this fact, I drove away at a speed calculated to miss even the mountainous proportions of a deaf, retired Colonel. The ten mile limit sign is now mended, all the lamp posts are shining with new red paint, and the policeman beaming with expectation.

But to return to the garrison town. After artillery horses beware of subalterns with the sanctity of Sandhurst still hanging about them. It's really rather a shame to bring them into this as they are such nice people off the road, but some of them are such fiends on it that I should be neglecting my duty if I failed to mention them.

They drive about in things that look like beetles, hop like fleas and go "like stink." If stink goes round corners on two wheels out of four or one wheel out of three; if stink dashes across main roads without a word of warning, and if stink has a penchant for pretty girls, then all the subalterns are perfect little George Washingtons. Anyway, if you are this side of thirty, goodlooking, and dressed well and rather sportingly, keep your car behind theirs and let the people further up the road suffer.

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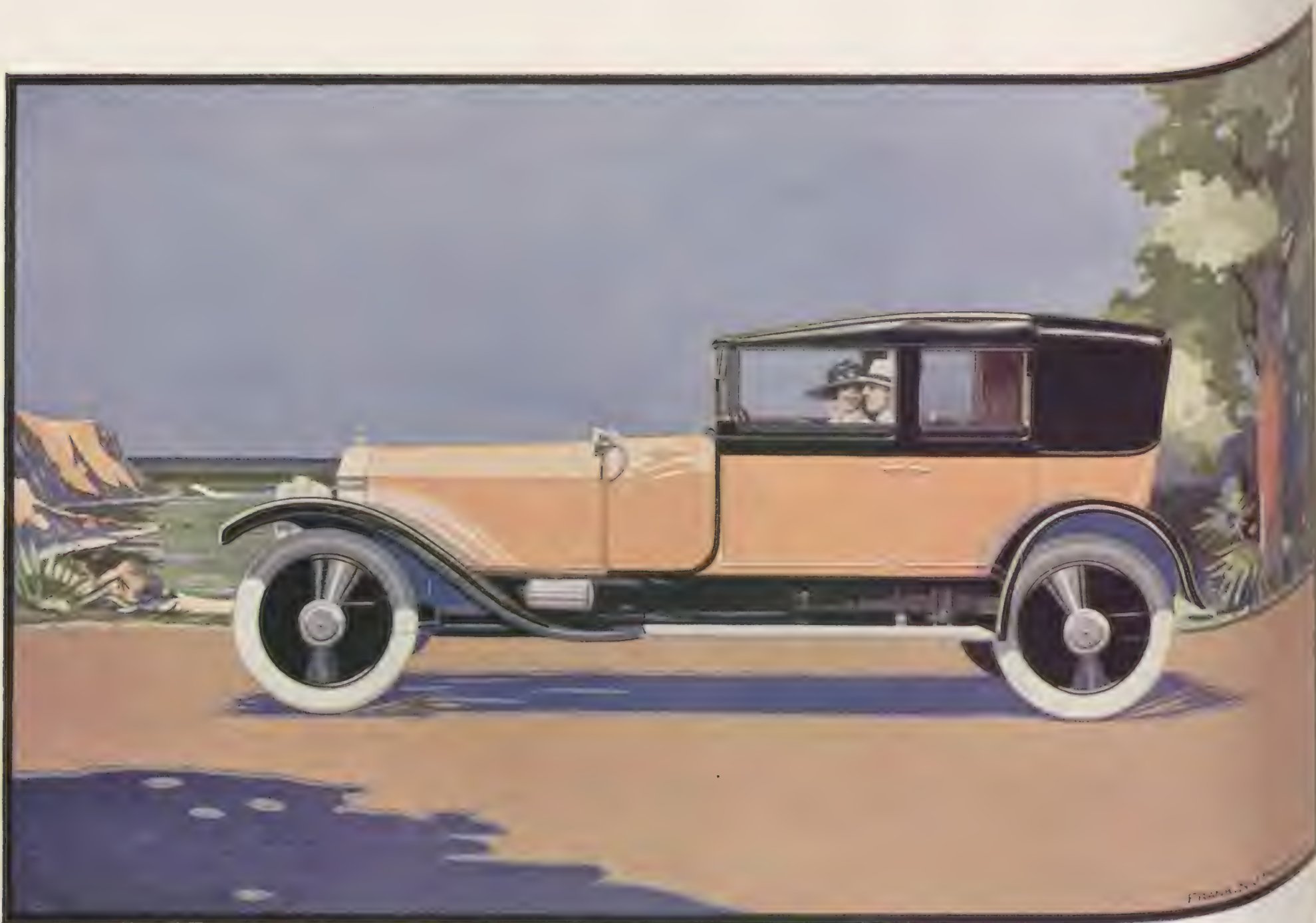
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THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN' NOTES!

MY LOG BOOK.

By *Hermes.*

The original Hermes was some traveller; and if he was observant he should have had a good tale to tell. Our contributor endeavours to emulate his namesake in getting around, and herewith presents an account of some of the things he has seen and heard in motoring circles.

IT is a fashion with some folk to speak slightly of commerce. Possibly they ape, unconsciously, that French sovereign who classed the English contemptuously as a nation of shopkeepers. But there is a wider view about to-day—much of that sort of snobbishness has been displaced by what can be defined in no other way than as common sense.

No nation can exist without trade, no industry prosper if it is not established on a sound commercial basis. For what is commerce but enterprise, and usually enterprise that is welcome? And being welcome, it is tinged with sentiment; for behind the cold, hard facts that are the thermometer of the health of trade lies a whole world of hopes and fears, of courageous endeavour or magnificent failure.

I am moved to this sort of preface as I scan the monthly record of motoring activities. The industry is one of which we are proud to-day; apart from its importance, it has in it that which lifts it out of the commonplace; in a sense peculiar to itself it provides us a psychological study. For example, I read the bald statement that the Briton cars are considerably reduced in price. Such news brings comfort to my soul; it stills the irritation I feel against a world that only received me back from the Kaiser-born contest to an age in which it hardly pays me to work.

Then again, I—and other folk also—find no little interest in the car-van adapter, a new invention that, in a single moment, converts the rear part of a car into a good carrier. It is a light structure, capable of instant removal, of holding itself in position in the car, and fashioned in various styles by Cann & Co., of Camden Town, who possess the R.A.C. gold medal for skill in coach-building. To suit a Ford the adapter costs £18 10s.

Another thing the car owner will welcome is assistance that will save him time and trouble. For instance, if you have a Sunbeam that needs a spare part you have, of course, to



THE PIONEER TYRE PUMP.

The ordinary tyre pump has been enormously improved in recent years, but the time will come when every car, and not only a few, will be fitted with mechanical means of tyre inflation. In the meantime there exists a device which can be carried as an accessory on any car that completely does away with the worst part of the labour of tyre changing. The Pioneer pump screws into the sparking plug orifice; the other end of the connecting tube is attached by means of a wonderfully simple and efficient connector to the tyre valve. The high-tension lead is short-circuited and the engine run on the remaining cylinders until the required pressure—which may be anything up to 100 lb.—is obtained. The construction of the pump is such that only pure air is forced into the tyre. There is, apparently, nothing to get out of order, and the whole process is so quick and simple that anyone who has once used the Pioneer is unlikely ever again to face complacently the task of pumping up a tyre by hand—or foot-power. The price, moreover, is little more than that of a good pump of the ordinary type.

supply its number. But supposing it is the gear-box—you don't fancy having to clean and scrutinise the whole of its exterior to find small and elusive figures. It would be a dirty and laborious job. If, however, you study the Sunbeam Co.'s illustrated folder you are told exactly where to look for the number, which will make the public still more appreciative of this car.

Mr. E. Gormly, of whose life THE MOTOR-OWNER had something to say in its last issue, draws my attention to certain changes in the staff of the United Motor and General Insurance Co., in correspondence to the company's developments. Mr. Leonard Smith has been appointed manager of the Leicester branch, to which he brings the ripe experience of fifteen years of similar work, while Mr. R. A. Gibson has left the U.M.G.I. Co., and Mr. Frank Wolstenholme, late of the Motor Union, has taken over the managership of the Leeds branch.

In Ipswich the other day I visited the premises of a very progressive firm—Egertons—who are launching out on an extensive scale. Twenty years is a hale age for a motor concern, but the small foundation of Mr. J. R. Egerton has flourished amazingly for the whole of that period, comprising to-day four distinct buildings with a floor space of nearly 40,000 sq. ft., as well as the intention to build on a site of 30,000 sq. ft. I must admit my admiration of the company's organisation and the comprehensiveness of their establishment.

The Service Motor Co. announce a considerable reduction in the price of their two-seater and four-seater models, which are now both priced at £495.

Owing to the very large number of applications which the Skefko Ball Bearing Co., of Luton, have received since advertising their garage service department they regret that they are unable to despatch all literature immediately upon receipt of inquiry. Steps will be taken to cope with the inundation.

A MISCELLANY.

The motoring public in general, and Angus-Sanderson car owners in particular, will be relieved to hear that plans for the reconstruction of the enterprise and the re-establishment of manufacture on a sound basis are well in hand. The facts are fully set forth below.

ANGUS-SANDERSON PLANS.

We are more than glad to be able to announce that the troubles which arose in connection with the manufacture of the Angus-Sanderson car are at an end, and that shortly the enterprise will be as securely established on the market as ever it was.

Stupendous difficulties had to be overcome to bring this about, such as instability caused through the appointment of a receiver, repudiation of car guarantees, uncertainty regarding the supply of spare parts, a general reduction of the prices of other cars, together with the complete cessation of advertising. But notwithstanding these difficulties, the task of reconstruction has been accomplished.

To reconstruct the Angus-Sanderson car business would be impossible unless the position of contributory firms was assured. Realising that the main root of the difficulty was centred in the enormous cost of maintaining the central factory at Birtley, it was decided to adapt the Tyler factory at New Southgate for the construction of the car as a whole.

Messrs. Tyler, it is well known, have been responsible solely for the Angus-Sanderson engine, while Messrs. E. G. Wrigley were also essential contributors to the whole scheme.

Prevalent financial stringency made the task of raising capital difficult, but

the most remarkable fact of all, and one which speaks volumes for the attitude of the trade towards the Angus-Sanderson car, is that £35,000 of the money that has been required for purchasing the assets of the old company and Tyler's, has been forthcoming from the dealers and agents who are responsible for the distribution in Great Britain of the car.

Production of cars will be continued temporarily at Birtley, which will be vacated as soon as the arrangements at New Southgate are complete.

R.A.C. NOTES AND NEWS.

The R.A.C. has issued the official certificate of performance of an "L.O.A. Economiser" submitted for trial by the Lancashire Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd., Heaton Norris, Stockport. The device was fitted to a Ford car which was run from Stockport to London and back, the object of the trial being to substantiate the claim of the entrants that there is a reduction of fuel consumption on a car fitted with it. The certificate states that the total

distance covered was 367 miles at an average speed of 19.8 miles per hour, and that the fuel consumption was at the rate of 34.95 miles per gallon. The performance of the car in respect of hill-climbing and acceleration appeared to be normal.

The Highway Board of the Isle of Man has given permission to the Royal Automobile Club to hold two International motor car races on the island in 1922. The Board suggests two days in June for these events, which will be the first held there since 1914.

The Touring Department of the R.A.C. during the last few days has been inundated with enquiries from members, but very strenuous efforts have enabled the department to furnish the routes and to give all the other incidental assistance asked for.



A Cartoon which speaks for itself.

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THE CALL OF THE SEA.

By P. J. Murray.

The motor boat is generally regarded either as a speed monster or, alternatively, as a mere means of pottering without effort in the quiet river reaches. It is much more than that, however; there is, in fact, such a variety of types that craft to suit the most widely different can be obtained.

WITHOUT even having the courtesy to ask the indulgence of those of my friends who may happen on these pages (I care not what strangers may think) I am going to let myself drift in the doldrums of a rambling inconsistency dear to my heart.

To the seafaring man this sort of free and easy mentality is an associated member of his second nature.

If I may be allowed to do so, may I suppose that it originates from close association with the mighty and essentially fickle elements in which he spends the greater portion of his life. This may or may not be so, but the undeniable fact remains that he will with alarming readiness pass from a deep discussion on the profundity of space and the effect of the aberration of light on the measurement of the interstellar distances, to the price of sail twine in a little ship chandler's at Leith, or the purity of the beer in a Pernambuco pub.

But to wander on, the season has begun and there are many things worrying the man with the motor boat, which will continue to worry him till the end of the season. He intended in all good faith to put everything right in the winter—that period when all respectable craft hibernate in the cosy shelter of a boat-house. But little jobs of this sort are usually put off till the last minute. The last minute goes by the board on the unexpected arrival of the fine weather a month before its time, and the clamouring of the home fleet to take advantage of the fine weather. Then a final appeal appears in the manly form of Jenkins from over the road. There he stands at his front door, peak cap, pilot jacket and white ducks; tucking his oil skins under his arm, he takes a cursory look at the sky and, shouting something over his shoulder as he slams the door, he makes off down the road.

That does it. The sight of Jenkins rigged out like that has brought the smell of the seaweed to your nostrils.



At the wheel of a Thornycroft.

You see the sunshine shimmering from the crests of the dancing waves, the surging throb is again under the transom, and the rush of the parting foam from the bow is singing its fresh, soft cadences in your ear. The die is cast; the fateful decision is arrived at, and your boat is launched as heretofore and hereinafter she always will be launched with all the little troubles she carried last season still unattended to.

Of course you soothe your conscience with the assurance that you will run her just while the fine weather lasts, and the moment it breaks—out she comes to be put right. This little bit of bluff deceives no one, not even yourself. Believe me, that boat is in the water "for the season," and whatever the trouble may be it will last for the season, or I am no judge of ordinary seafaring human nature.

On the water procrastination appears to be regarded as a very highly placed virtue, and the skipper who carries on in the face of difficulties arising from causes which are easily remedied

is regarded, or at least regards himself, as a hero. One bright specimen of this type comes to my mind as I write. He was the owner of as pretty a little craft as one could wish for. The motor was installed when the boat was high and dry, and insufficient allowance was made in lining up the shafting for the set of the boat when in the water. The result was a hot bearing aft.

Instead of remedying this defect in the proper way by a re-alignment of the engine and transmission, I'm bothered if he didn't rig up a piece of copper pipe to lead a stream of cold water on to the hot spot! He then connected the intake pipe of the water pump with the lowest part of the bilge and by this means managed to keep the boat from sinking.

Another genius was afflicted with a seizing clutch. It was the metal cone type, a very fine clutch when engaged. The fun began when he wanted to get it out.

To facilitate the operation he provided himself with a particularly hefty mallet. This had, he contended, the advantage of being cheap, simple, and effective. But it was difficult to use the mallet when it was most urgently needed, and many a disaster was averted only by the skill or instinct of the steersman, whose long experience of the mallet-clutch had endowed him with an intuitive power of being able to judge the precise time limit allowable for finding it.

The ludicrous side of these episodes arose from the circumstance that no one by any chance seemed to think of the mallet until its immediate possession was absolutely necessary to avert sudden death; which, after all, goes to prove the truth of what is reiterated year after year—that a little genuine trouble taken in the boat-house before the season starts adds immeasurably to the comfort of summer cruising.

Talking of comfort, did it ever strike you that the great bulk of mankind appear to gauge the extent of

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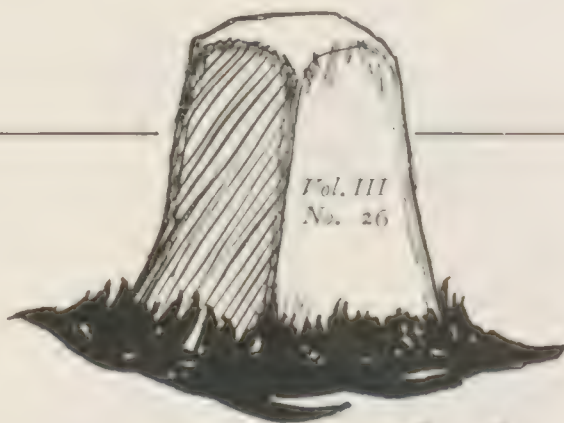
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LOOKING FORWARD TO JULY. A TOURING NUMBER.



WHAT an everyday expression, "Looking forward" is! We look forward to some special dance, to a Masonic banquet, to a visit to the theatre, to a motor trip; and some people are so misguided as to look forward to each successive issue of *THE MOTOR-OWNER*! They will have some reason to do so in the case of the July number, which, besides emphasising our entry into a third year, will be a "Touring Number," and, as such, will look forward itself.

June is a milestone in the history of *THE MOTOR-OWNER*. The magazine was founded in the difficult post-war

period, and has emerged to success from a sea of almost incredibly adverse circumstances. Labour unrest and steadily increasing cost of production have been more than balanced, however, by the essential fact that a periodical of *THE MOTOR-OWNER* type was wanted. There was a vacancy, a blank, which we filled. The magazine was a success from the first, and has never looked back.

We are, in fact, "looking forward"—at the moment from the June "Milestone Number" to the July "Touring Number."

Have you ever thought how dis-

appointing it is, however, to look forward to something that does not materialise? We have no fear of this in the case of our "Touring Number," because we have taken every reasonable precaution to ensure that the number *shall* materialise.

But has the reader taken such precautions? On July 1st he means to visit the bookstall, on arriving in town, and secure his copy of the "M.O." Supposing his train is a little late, though; probably he will think, "Oh, I'll get it this evening and read it going home." And by evening the "Sold Out" notices may be up!

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FASHION is a curious thing. No one can say, as a rule, why its decrees are made; there is usually no apparent reason why a particular style of attire or of coiffure should be *de rigueur*, or why one seaside or Continental resort should be chosen above another. We, the human race, are little better than a flock of sheep, in fact. Someone of stronger individuality than the average says that such-and-such a thing should be worn, or such-and-such a place visited; and straightway we rush to do that person's bidding.

It is little use to fight against this tendency. To protest is usually to put one's self in a minority of one; to be looked upon as an eccentric—and, generally, to miss many of the good things of life.

Fashion has decreed that the principal motor shopping centre of London is the length and breadth of Great Portland Street. It is possible to buy a car or an accessory without going within a mile of the street, but, on the other hand, unless one has very definite ideas as to one's requirements it is scarcely wise.

There is no particular reason why the motor show rooms should have concentrated upon Great Portland Street; it is not more central than Long Acre or Pall Mall—one always finds that the particular shop one wants is at the other end, no matter which way one approaches it, so that it is not more easily reached than many other parts of London. But there it is—Great Portland Street is the principal motor market of London, and, if of London, of Great Britain also. So the man who knows simply that he wants a car of about a certain horse power at about a certain price, or even knows only that he wants a car, without further acquaintance with details, *must* go to Great Portland Street to get his requirements satisfied.

Wherever he may live, of course, there is an agent for the make of car which he eventually chooses. Some people would leave the choice almost entirely in that agent's hands, but as it is fairly obvious that no one person can possess all knowledge, the prospective purchaser's range of selection is thus limited to the half-dozen makes which

the local agent happens to represent. Let it not be thought for a moment that we advocate the ignoring of the agent. Far from it—he is the first person who should be consulted, and, if he is the right kind of man, he is going to prove very useful in the future. But purchasing a motor car is a rather more serious matter than buying a new hat, if only on account of the large sum of money involved, and, for the good of the automobile movement generally, it is desirable that the purchaser should thoroughly understand what he is about before making a final selection. For his own sake, therefore, we do think it necessary for him to scrutinise the market carefully for himself, listening meanwhile to the advice and experiences of his friends—and in no way can he do this better than by paying a visit to London, if the Metropolis is not too hopelessly out of reach. Visiting London, automatically means visiting Great Portland Street; and an afternoon spent in inspecting the different makes there displayed and in chatting with their vendors can by no means be looked upon as an afternoon wasted.

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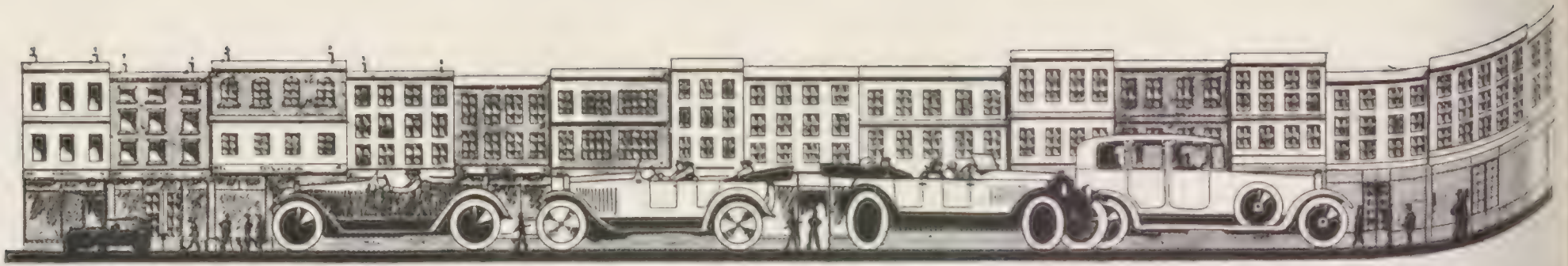
BUTTEROSI
10 h.p. Light Tourer

INSURE YOUR CAR

with the

**United Motor & General
Insurance Company, Ltd.**

See Page 3 of Cover.



GREAT · PORTLAND · STREET

Immediately, the mass of information thus gained may appear to have confused the issue, but in any case the order probably would not have been placed at once, and after thinking the whole question over, and talking it over again with the local agent, there is a reasonable certainty that satisfaction will result.

Perhaps this is an appropriate place to remark upon the advisability of "supporting home industries." Carried out in its entirety this principle would preclude the purchase

of any article that was not entirely British, but this is manifestly absurd in regard to motor cars. We are thinking more particularly of the provincial automobile agent, who should be the backbone of the industry—an industry which has grown to such proportions, although with comparatively little fuss, that it may be reckoned as one of the most important in the country. There is no advantage to be gained in purchasing direct without calling in the services of the

local man, and, be it said, no economy is effected. The manufacturers may be richer by the commission which the agent does not get; but even they would probably prefer that the business went through the proper channels, in order that prosperity should be general.

So take every opportunity to make a sound selection by studying all that Great Portland Street has to show—but observe the laws of etiquette in the matter!

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Reductions

See Page
xvii

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COMFORT IN THE FLOATING HOME.

the pleasure to be derived from participation in a particular form of amusement by the amount of discomfort experienced?

This curious characteristic is found more noticeably developed in that particular section of the human species found within the shores of the United Kingdom.

Those who may be inclined to criticise this assertion have only to contemplate the touring party out for a day's pleasure, packed in the ubiquitous Ford, uncomfortable, yes, in the extreme.

Or again, stand awhile on the high road and watch the cycle and side-car go by with four unhappy specimens of the "enjoy yourself at all costs" type hanging on like grim death, misery depicted on every happy face. Take the discomfort "enjoyed" by the crowd at the football match, in the theatre queue, at the Lord Mayor's procession; even the popularity of golf is due doubtless in no small measure to the irritation and mental anguish experienced in looking forward hopefully to doing something that never happens.

But why all this rambling incoherency in a page devoted to the pleasures of motor boating? Thus does my mind unburden itself. Many there are, other than those just depicted, to whom the idea of discomfort does not appeal with the same paradoxical fascination; there are those who like myself prefer to take their pleasures in comfort and who enjoy the comfort in which they take their pleasures as well as the pleasures themselves.

The pleasure of touring in one's own motor boat has to be experienced to be realised. I am speaking necessarily of a boat of fair dimensions fitted out in a manner dear to the heart of the yacht owner.

First let me emphasise the glorious fact that one is independent of hotels. Personally I loathe the modern hotel with its obsequious impertinences, its barrack-like restrictions, its distasteful breakfasts and its unsympathetic suppers. To be independent of them is, to my mind, worth a good many other sacrifices. With the wine cellar on board well stocked, one is not the slave of closing hours. Tobacco and cigars can be had plentiful and cheap. You can invite whom you like, when you like; you can entertain how you like and as far into the night, even to the next day, if you like. What possibilities, if you like!



An engine inspection.

Going to bed when you feel sleepy, you needn't get up if you don't want to. Wind and tides cause you no anxiety, for the former can be avoided by choosing your own weather, your time being your own. Your engine renders you independent of the latter.



An ancient stone landmark at Westbury, Somerset.

You swing your engine when you are bored with a place or its people; you swing at your moorings when you strike some spot that you feel you never want to leave. You can reach France in a couple of hours, and, picking your way from one convenient port to another, you can taste the joys and benefits of intercourse with peoples who are alien in everything but our common humanity. And all this without the perspiring process of packing your baggage every time you want to move, no taxicabs to the station, no increased railway fares, no exorbitant hotel bills, no motor taxes, no police traps. Your engine moves your floating house from one enchanting scene to another like the Genii of Aladdin's wonderful lamp.

What more soothing for the harassed mind of poor John Citizen fagged out by ceaseless worries? The sense of freedom, the ever-changing coastline, the mighty vault of heaven above him, the boundless ocean around him inviting whither his fickle fancy draws him to feast his eyes on scenes of fascinating freshness or to feel his feeble feet crunching the shifting shingle of a foreign foreshore.

Oh, the joys of those romantic landings! The resentful cries of the seagulls at the invasion of their sacred solitude. Watch them as they circle round their nesting haunts safe in secure seclusion high up in the bluff of unscalable cliffs.

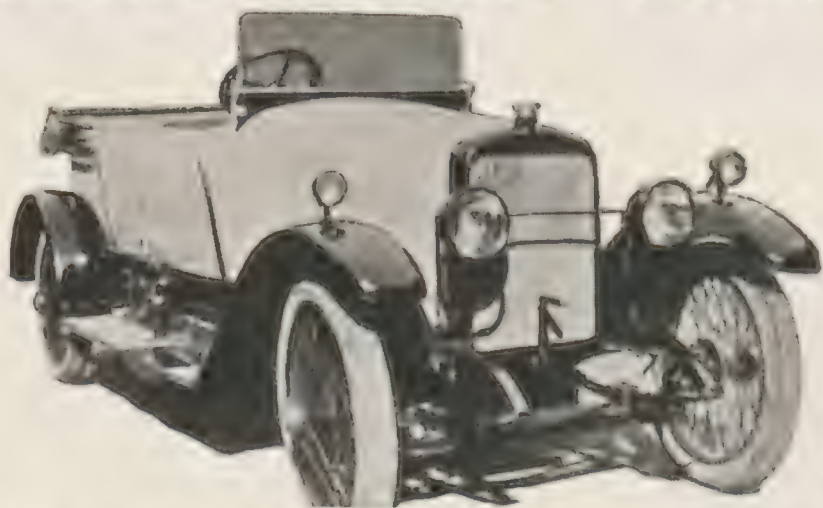
The eerie feeling that creeps over you when you realise that you are perhaps standing where no human being has ever trod before—after which you find John Brown has carved his name on the everlasting rock behind you.

I cannot conclude without answering a question that is often put to me, namely, what is the minimum size for a small cabin cruiser?

I give it as an opinion founded on experience that 40 to 45 ft. in length, with other dimensions in comfortable proportion, is the limit.

It is not so much a matter of seaworthiness, as when Father Neptune is taken with one of his Bolshevistic fits he makes little distinction between the tiny twenty footer and her more imposing sixty foot sister. My opinion is based on the necessity of having the interior dimensions such as are adequate to secure reasonable comfort, especially so in regard to head room. No cruiser can be said to be comfortable if it be not possible to stand upright, at least in the main cabin.

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De Luxe British bodies with starting & lighting sets. Fully equipped and ready for the road, including 2 spare wheels

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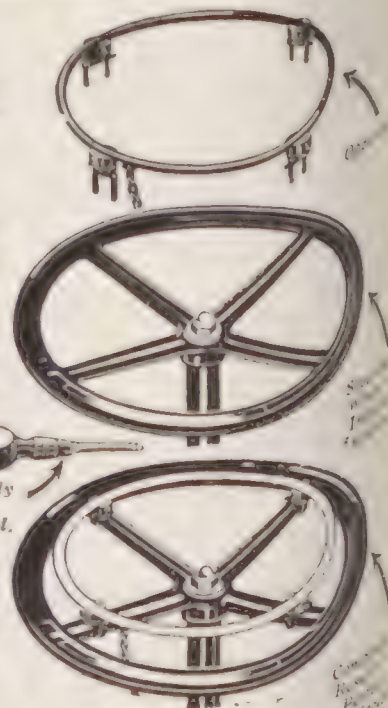
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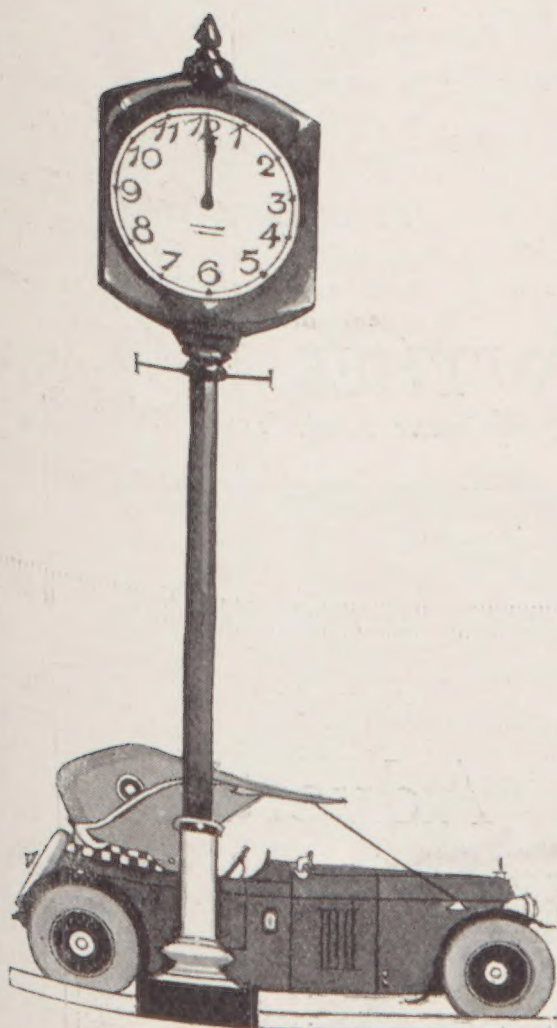
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CHOOSE YOUR ROADS AND SAVE YOUR SPRINGS.

THE ROADS IN JUNE.

In a monthly journal it is not always possible to be absolutely up to date with road information. The information given below, however, is supplied by the Roads Department of the Automobile Association, and is not only authentic but, being in some cases anticipatory, may be taken generally as indicating local conditions on the first of the month.



THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

Tar-spraying is fairly general on main roads throughout the country, and motorists are advised to watch for these operations.

On the Brighton road repairs are in progress at Horley, Gatwick, Bolney and Patcham, also between St. Albans and Redbourne on the Coventry road, on which tarmac is being laid between Brickhill and Fenny Stratford.

Full-width tarmac at Caterham, and full-width repairs two miles south of Godstone; remetalling at Hailsham.

The Folkestone road is in generally good condition, but roads in the vicinity of Canterbury are poor. On the Redhill-Maidstone road repairs are in hand at Brasted.

Full-width repairs are in hand at Denham and Beaconsfield on the Oxford road, and caution is advised at Dashwood and Aston Rowant Hills.

Caution is advised between Kingston and Esher on the Portsmouth road, which is in fair condition also between Emsworth and Havant.

In the Midlands, the Newtown-Clun road *via* Kerry is very bad, and should be avoided; patching work is in hand between Evesham and Pershore and remetalling at Bushbury, on the Wolverhampton-Stafford road, which is bad as far as Gailey Cross roads. Only half-width of the road is available near Aylestone on the Leicester-Lutterworth road, and care is necessary.

Muskham bridge on the Newark-Doncaster road in the north-east area is still under repair; to avoid, turn left at Newark *via* Kelham for Muskham. The main North Road is bad from one mile north of Ferrybridge to eight miles north of Doncaster, as is also the road from Pocklington to Beverley. The Grimsby-Caistor road is bad, but full-width repairs are in hand at Laceby. The best route from Gosforth to Whitley Bay is *via* Jesmond road, and the best from Carlisle to Newcastle *via* Haltwhistle.

In the north-west, the best route from Llandudno to Colwyn Bay is *via* the new road through Little Orme's Head. Caution is advised through Conway, Dyserth and Rhuddlan. Tarmac is being laid on the Dolgellèy-Arthog road; care is necessary.

THE MOTOR-OWNER LIGHTING-UP TABLE.

Lighting-up time, before the war one hour after sunset and now thirty minutes earlier, is 9.34 p.m. in London on June 1st and 9.48 p.m. on July 1st. Variations in other parts of the country on those dates are given below.

BRISTOL 9.44 9.58	EXETER 9.42 9.56	MANCHESTER .. 9.55 10.10
BIRMINGHAM .. 9.47 10.01	FALMOUTH 9.47 10.00	NEWCASTLE .. 10.00 10.16
CARLISLE 10.06 10.22	GLASGOW 10.17 10.33	NORWICH 9.35 9.49
CARNARVON .. 10.00 10.14	INVERNESS 10.29 10.45	OXFORD 9.42 9.56
DERBY 9.49 10.03	JOHN O' GROATS .. 10.32 10.50	PLYMOUTH 9.45 9.59
EDINBURGH .. 10.13 10.29	LEEDS 9.52 10.08	PORTSMOUTH .. 9.35 9.49

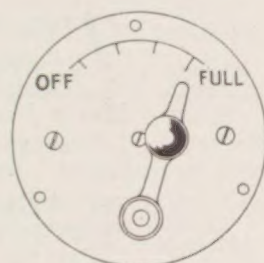
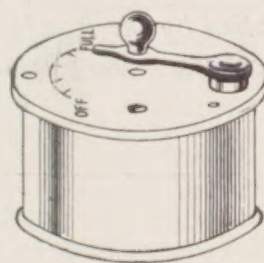


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